

# NICOMÈDE.

## Tragi-Comedy,

Translated out of the French

O F

MONSIEUR CORNEILLE,

By JOHN DANCER.

As it was Acted at the Theatre-Royal

DUBLIN.

Together with an Exact Catalogue of all  
the English STAGE-PLAYS printed, till  
this present Year 1671.

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Licensed Dec. 16. 1670. Roger L'estrange.

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L O N D O N :

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play 2<sup>d</sup> vol.

INCOGNITO

THE COMEDY

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1939

Printed by the University Press, Cambridge





TO THE  
RIGHT HONORABLE  
THOMAS,  
Earl of Offory.

*My Lord,*

**T**HIS P I E C E being made English in your Honors Service, and by your Command, having already passed the Suffrage of the Stage, and now made more publique by passing the *Press*, I thought it my Duty (in the Authors absence) to present it to your Honor: I shall not say any thing of the P L A Y, because I had no hand in it; but I have made bold to that, to add a *Catalogue* of all the English Plays hitherto printed. I have done it as perfectly as I can, in respect that nothing which is imperfect ought to be presented to your Honor. If you accept and peruse it, it is the utmost ambition of

*Your Honors humble Servant,*

Fra: Kirkman.

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# The Actors.

**P**RUISAS, King of *Bithinia*.

**FLAMINIUS**, The *Roman* Ambassador.

**ARSINOE**, Second Wife to King *Prusias*.

**LAODICE**, Queen of *Armenia*.

**NICOMEDE**, Eldest Son of King *Prusias*, by  
a former venture.

**ATTALUS**, Son of *Prusias* and *Arsinoe*.

**ARASPES**, Captain of the Guards to *Prusias*.

**CLEONE**, Confident to *Arsinoe*.

The Scene at *Nicomedia*.

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# NICHOMEDE.

A

## Tragi-Comedy.

### ACT I. SCENE I.

*Nichomede and Laodice.*

*Laod.* **M**Y Joys Sir, must exceed, to finde that you,  
 To whom so many glorious Wreaths are due,  
 My Chains, to all these Laurels can prefer,  
 And be my Captive, though a Conqueror,  
 That all those Actions which the World dismay,  
 To such low Merits should their Homage pay;  
 And yet amidst this height of Joy, I finde  
 A secret Passion which afflicts my minde.  
 With fear I see you fear that springs from Love,  
 Doubtful this Court to you may fatal prove.  
 You have a subtile Step-Dame, Sir, whose wit  
 Has made your Father to her Charms submit,  
 And she does manage him with so much Skill,  
 He's but the Property to act her Will;  
 What She enjoyns more force than Law does bear,  
 And then what Safety can you hope for here?  
 Besides her Hate, which was enough before,  
 Is from our mutual Love, encreas'd to more,  
 And now her Son, your Brother's return'd too,  
*Nicho.* I know it, Madam, and that he courts you.

B

The

The *Romans* did him home from Hostage send,  
 Not out of kindness, but a weightier end.  
 I too well find what 'twas did him recall,  
 He was *Flaminia's* price for *Hannibal*.  
 That mighty Man was for his Ransome paid,  
 And by the King had been to *Rome* betraid,  
 Had not his Courage taught him how to free  
 Himself by Poyson, from that Slavery,  
 Which gazing *Romans* exercise on those  
 Who were their Terror, whilst they stood their Foes.  
 'Twas not till after my last happy Fight  
 Which *Cappadocia's* Kingdom did unite  
 To our *Bithinia*, I this News did hear  
 Which made me weep for him, and for you fear :  
 That Fear begat an Anger would break forth,  
 So to *Theagenes*, whose steddly worth  
 I knew, I of the Army gave command,  
 And hither flew, these Troubles to withstand,  
 Hoping my presence would my Queen oblige,  
 For still *Flaminia* does the King besiege,  
 And if that *Hannibal* his Errand were,  
 He, being dead, why staies he longer here ?  
 Unless it be, which I believe too true,  
 To aid my Broth'rs weak pretence to you.

*Laodice.* I doubt not, but this *Roman* vertue may  
 Strive to oblige the Queen in her own way ;  
 That bloody Sacrifice she paid to him,  
 Must have engag'd him to the utmost crime ;  
 But, be it so, yet why should you complain,  
 Why should you fear the worst he can obtain ?  
 My love o're you a weak Ascendant hath,  
 If 'tis your Presence, must secure its faith.  
 That Spirit must be mean, which does prefer  
 Poor *Attalus*, to *Asia's* Conquerour.  
*Attalus*, of whom the most that can be se'd,  
 Is that he was a *Roman* Hostage bred,  
 And at full height of Courage will appear  
 To shake at Eagles, and an Adile fear.



*Nicho.* Death, Madam, Death, shall here an Empire gain,  
E're I such jealous thoughts do entertain :  
I Force from them, not weakness fear in you,  
For what if *Rome* appear against us too---

*Laodice.* Sir, I'm a Queen, and bear that Noble Soul,  
Which *Rome*, nor your Kings Thund'rings can't controul.  
Though he my Guardian be, he cannot have  
More power o're me than what my Father gave.  
Whose Will having design'd me yours, there's none  
Can choose elsewhere for me, but I alone.  
By my own choice, and by my Fathers care  
I'm destin'd Spouse to the *Bithinian* Heir.  
And this great Heart of mine will never bend  
To let a Subjects Right o're it pretend.  
Banish your doubts.

*Nicho.* Ah Madam, let me fear  
Whilst I behold you thus exposed are  
Unto a Fury, who both hath the Will,  
And Power to act, all she conceives of ill.  
Who, but to place a Crown on her Sons Brow,  
Would Justice, Law, and Nature overthrow,  
And greedily the sacredst Rights invade :  
She may force you, who *Hannibal* betraid.  
Nor can there Faith from those expected be  
Who break the Laws of Hospitality.

*Laod.* As little Natures Laws will you protect  
From those who to such Rights show no respect.  
Your being here advances her Design,  
And does expose both your own Life and mine.  
Coming without leave, some suspicion wears,  
And she will buzz it in your Fathers Ears.  
Who by her Charms too soon will be enclin'd  
To sacrifice you to his jealous Mind.  
Then I, who stood so firm before, become  
A Victim to the Mother and the Son.

*Nich.* 'Twas fear of you that made me take this course

*Laodice* Whilst you were in the Camp I fear'd no force :  
This, this Sir, you for my support should do,

Order things so that they may still fear you.  
 Back to your Army, then protect me there,  
 They are secure to act whilst you are here.  
 But Armies Rules to Politicians teach,  
 And you may boldly do it out of reach.  
 Valour, though high, to numbers still must yield,  
 You're but one here, they none, when you're in 'Field.  
 And though the noise of Victory sound high,  
 'Tis seldom Fame has quell'd an Enemy.  
 Sir, were you both the Worlds Delight and Dread,  
 Ent'ring the Court, you tamely yield your Head.  
 Once more I say return, by that Renown  
 You there have gain'd, you here will best be known:  
 Return, and with your own, secure my Fate,  
 You banish mine, when you their Fears create.

*Nicho.* Ah! To the Camp perswade me not to go,  
 There the Queens Hate, her Murderers do sow  
 Secret and thick: Two I have brought along,  
 By their Confessions to make known my Wrong,  
 And disabuse the King, who though he be  
 Husband to her, is Father still to me.  
 And though the Nature should to silence charm,  
 Yet three great Kingdoms added by this Arm  
 Unto his Crown, will loudly let him know,  
 That he does something to my Valour ow.  
 Or if that by the Rigor of my Fate,  
 I must become the Victim of her Hate.  
 If both the Camp and Court my Life pursue,  
 Will you deny me then to dye by you?

*Laodice* My past Advice I trembling now recall,  
 If we must die, let us together fall.

Courage, brave Prince, they may perhaps ensnare  
 Themselves, in those Traps they for us prepare.  
 The People love you, and abhor their Arts,  
 And he Reigns safest who does Reign o're Hearts.  
 But here's your Brother——

*Nicho.* Since he does not know  
 Who I am, keep me undiscover'd now.

(5)  
SCENE II.

*Laodice, Nichomede and Attalus.*

*Attalus.* Must then the Charms dwell in those Eyes appear  
Onely to me, of all the World, severe?  
Shall I ne're gain one of those blest regards,  
With which you, Madam, use to conquer Hearts?

*Laod.* To conquer yours, if these Sir, don't suffice,  
When I design't, I'll speak it by my Eyes.

*Atta.* Of what's all yours, you can no Conquest make.

*Laod.* Then a more pleasing Mein, I need not take.

*Atta.* But yet to keep that heart, I must implore.

*Laod.* I rather had such ill got Goods restore.

*Atta.* It's Value is too poor; your Soul to touch.

*Laod.* To juggle Sir, I value you too much,  
Our distance of Degree admits it not,  
Then for the heart you tell me I have got,  
Where should't be kept?

*Atta.* Ah Madam, in your Breast,

*Laod.* That Place is by another, Sir, possess'd,  
And you so oft hath this great Truth bin told,  
That your Address as senseless is as bold.

*Atta.* Happy the Man, whom Fortune so does grace,  
To give admission to so blest a Place.  
But I should think him happier far who might,  
Fairly dispute, and gain from him this Right.

*Nicho.* E're that be done Rivers with Blood must swell,  
This Conquerour Sir, preserves his Conquest well.  
Go ask his Foes, 'mongst them 'twill best be known,  
What 'tis to gain that Fort he once has won.

*Atta.* But there is one who will assault it so,  
That he must yield it where he will or no.

*Laod.* You may mistake;

*Atta.* If the King be the Man.

*Laod.* He's just and wise, and wills but what he can.

*Atta.* And what cannot his Sovereign Greatness do?

*Laod.* Talk not so high; he knows what is my Due.

Though

Though King, he acts as to a Queen with me,  
That's not by Force, but by Civility.

*Atta.* There's much included in the civil prayer  
Of Kings, unto whose power we subject are.  
But if a Kings request can take no place,  
Yet *Rome* with hers will my Addresses grace.

*Nico.* *Rome* Sir?

*Atta.* Yes *Rome*, do you her kindness fear?

*Nico.* No Sir, but lest some *Roman* over-hear,  
For it *Rome* knew th' Addresses by you made,  
Youl'd gain her Anger, whilst you hope her Aid.  
Scorning to see her Nursling own a Flame  
Injurious to the lustre of her Name.

That Title which does so much glory wear,  
Of *Roman* Citizen, sheeld from you tear,  
For she too mighty thinks it to bestow  
On that poor soul, can to a Queens love bow.  
Have you forgot that neither King, nor Queen,  
*Rome* equal to a Burgees do esteem.

If she have form'd in you that generous Mind,  
Let her th' impressions of her Maxims find.  
Resume a pride then worthy her and you,  
And studying something to your glory due,  
Pursue this Ignominious Flame no more,  
But ceasing the *Armenian* Queen to adore.

Seek out a Love more worthy your high place,  
That's of some Tribunes or a Pretors Race.

For such a high-born Match *Rome* thinks you fit,  
And lest your Royal Birth exclude you it.

By her Adoption you have put on,  
Authority for such Ambition.

Break loose then, Sir, from this reproachful Ghain,  
And leaving Queens to Kings they so disdain.  
For things more vast and high, your thoughts reserve,  
And so your greatness, and *Romes* pride preserve.

*Attalus.* If this man, Madam, do to you belong,  
Forbid his boldness, or restrain his Tongue,  
That I his utmost insolence might hear,



I yet have forc'd my Anger to forbear,  
 But if he shall continue in this strain,  
 To smother 't longer, I shall strive in vain.

*Nicho.* No matter, Sir, to whom I do belong  
 Can Reason loose it's value on my tongue?  
 Set Love apart, and I'll be judg'd by you,  
 What Glories to this *Roman* Name are due,  
 The King and Queen, so high the Title priz'd,  
 They'll not be pleas'd to see it now despis'd.  
 Their value of the mighty thing appears  
 In giving up to it your Infant years.  
 From four years old 't has rob'd them of your sight,  
 Can you think now, they will that Glory flight.  
 Or suffer for the Marriage of a Queen,  
 You forfeit Honours they so much esteem;  
 No rather jealous of so rare a Treasure.

*Attalus.* Madam, once more I ask, Is it your pleasure,  
 That insolent man of me, this scorn should make?  
 Or is 't from you he does his freedom take?

*Laod.* Since talking to you as a *Roman*, he  
 Offends you Sir, give me the liberty,  
 To treat you in a way which you may own  
 With no less Honour, that's a Monarchs Son.  
 But Sir, in this degree you must allow  
 You to a Prince your Elder, ought to bow.  
 That though so near ally'd in blood you be,  
 It takes not from his difference of degree,  
 But to his Birth there ought respect be paid,  
 Yet you, he absent, does his Rights invade.

*Atta.* If that Right be the Honour to be yours,  
 One word from you, that Right for me procures.  
 And if my Birth does lessen my degree,  
 'Tis by you, Natures fault repair'd may be;  
 But if as a Kings Son, I so much owe,  
 Permit that I speak like a *Roman* now.  
 And know there's none born so, but are design'd  
 To command Monarchs, and be unconfin'd;

Know

Know that my Love's the Project of a Soul,  
 Contemns Subjection, and disdains Controul ;  
 Know that—

*Laod.* I know that in my Crown you finde  
 More Charms, than in my Person, or my Minde ;  
 But such as I am, both my Crown and Me,  
 Are vowd that Brothers, who your King must be ;  
 And were He here, his Presence might give end  
 To all this mighty Passion you pretend.

*Attalus.* Might I but see him, he should know from me—

*Nicho.* Beware, such Wishes, Sir, may dangerous be ;  
 For if he hear them, you may chance to prove  
 The Vengeance due on those attempts his Love.

*Atta.* Sir, you shall pay me that Respect is due.

*Nicho.* I know not who omits it of us two.

*Atta.* Whilst thou knowst me, dar'st thou thus boldly prate?

*Nicho.* By knowing you Prince, I can set my Rate,  
 But you being ignorant of my Degree,  
 Cannot tell what you ought to pay to me.

*Atta.* Ah Madam, suffer my just Anger may

*Laod.* Yes, yes ; but now your Mother comes this way.

### S C E N E III.

*Nichomede, Arsinoe, Laodice, Attalus, and Cleone.*

*Nicho.* Pray Madam, let the Prince your Son here, know  
 What's the Respect he unto me does owe ;  
 For want of it he is outrageous grown,  
 A fault which surely does but ill become  
 Such rare bred Minades.

*Arsinoe.* Sir, do I then see you !

*Nicho.* Yes, and you shall see *Mithrobates* too.

*Arsinoe.* Oh that's a Traitor !

*Nicho.* He talks something true,  
 You best know if it ought to trouble you.

*Arsinoe.* This swift Return I cannot understand,  
 Where is your Army ?

*Nicho.* Under good command.

Of my return you soon the Cause shall hear,  
I left a Master and a Mistress here.  
One *Rome* and you have taken from my Cares,  
T'other I'll save both from your Hands and theirs.

*Arfin.* Is this the Cause that does you hither bring?

*Nicho.* Yes, and I hope you'll serve me with the King.

*Arfin.* Yes Sir, I'll serve you, just as you hope so.

*Nicho.* Of your good will I the assurance know.

*Arfin.* I'll go and to the King this Business move.

*Nicho.* And I'll go think how I may grateful prove.

*Arfin.* Do so, you may depend upon my Care,

*Nicho.* Whilst I know yours, you guess what my thoughts are

*Atta.* Madam, is this Prince *Nichomede*?

*Nicho.* Yes Sir,

Who comes to see if *Rome* can you prefer,  
To him.

*Attalus.* Excuse me if I did not know.

*Nicho.* Your self Prince, a deserving Rival show.

And if you dare design t'assault me here,

Still in your looks a noble boldness wear.

But as I to her Aid, am singly come,

Threaten me not with the Kings Power, or *Rome*;

As I defend, do you attempt alone,

I'll set by all pretences to the Crown.

Try it thus Prince, and we shall soon see then

If *Rome*, or *Hannibal* breeds braver Men.

#### SCENE IV.

*Arfinoe, Attalus, and Cleone.*

*Arfin.* Go, that Excuse of thine to him was base,  
When thou beheldst him brave me to my Face.

*Atta.* Madam, what could I do in this Surprise?  
This quick return destroys your Enterprize.

*Arfin.* No *Attalus*, it gives it Life, and Heart,  
Go thou and finde *Flaminius* on my part.  
Let him in private here conducted be,  
And of thy Fortunes leave the Cure to me.

*Atta.* But Madam, if—

*Arfin.* Go, no more if, nor and,  
Whendone, thou these Intreaques shalt understand.

S C E N E V.

*Arfinoe, Cleone.*

*Cleo.* Madam, do you hide from him his own Concern?

*Arfin.* Yes, and have Reasons thou dost not discern.

I fear his heart would my Designs oppose,

I fear that virtue which to Rome he owes

Has taught him, there's no Glory so sublime,

Can recompence the hazard of a Crime:

*Cleo.* Those should grieve Rome less scrupulous, who knew  
How Hannibal she did to death pursue.

*Arfinoe.* Be not in charging Rome with Guilt deceiv'd,

'Twas I, and but one Roman, who contriv'd

The whole Intreague of that great Heroes Fall;

Rome still had granted Life to Hannibal,

And would not for a more invading Cause,

Have made a Breach of hospitable Laws;

For though whilst he did his great Conduct know,

Prudence forbade his Sojourn with a Foe,

And therefore to make good his Peace with them,

*Antiochus* was forc'd to banish him,

Yet freed both from Rome's Envy, or her Fear,

We being Allies, he might have still liv'd here,

Had not Revenge prompted *Flaminius* too,

Things which the Senate would have blush'd to do.

*Cleo.* What desperate Cause could raise his Hate so high,

That to allay it, *Hannibal* must dye?

*Arfin.* A Fathers Loss of Honor, and of Life,

Hast thou not heard, how in that fatal strife

'Twixt Rome, and Carthage, in one bloody Scene,

Acted nigh to the Lake of *Throstmene*,

*Flaminius* Father, then *Rome's* General,

Fell by the mighty Hand of *Hannibal*?

The Son since burning to revenge that shame,

A close Conspirator with me became.

And



And for to have the object of his Hate  
 Deliver'd up, procur'd the *Roman* State  
 To send my *Attalus* from Hostage home,  
 And farther whisper'd Jealousies in *Rome*,  
 Of *Nichomede's* Conquests here, which might  
 (Should he to them the *Armenian* Realm unite  
 By Marriage with *Laodice*) one day  
 To *Rome's* increasing Greatness put a stay;  
 On which the Senate, who now jealous grew  
 Of such an Empire, and such Valour too,  
 Did him as their Ambassadour propound,  
 To break the Marriage, and the Empire bound:  
 And this is what *Rome* undertook to do.

*Cleone.* And this makes *Attalus*, his Mistress woo,  
 But yet, why did not *Rome* her self concern,  
 E're his Return had made her Love too firm?

*Arfin.* No, for whilst he a conquering Army led,  
 'T had been too much to affront him at their Head.  
 Here we dare do't, and 'twas my Plot at length,  
 By cunning flights to draw him from his Strength;  
 To *Mithrobates*, I did teach the way,  
 Who seeming false to me, did him betray,  
 Whisp'ring a thousand pannique Fears, that he  
 Had been to murder him, suborn'd by me,  
 That fiery Spirit by degrees he won,  
 And gently leads him to destruction.  
 I know he'l to the King for Justice call,  
 But from that Justice he shall finde his Fall.  
 His Accusations as my Engines move,  
 Will fortifie me in his Fathers Love.  
 At his first fight I did appear dismay'd,  
 And by my change of colour seem'd afraid;  
 But he mistakes much that Surprize of mine,  
 Since his Return, was wholly my Design.

*Cleone.* But what e're *Rome* or *Attalus* pretend,  
 That Queen will never to his wishes bend.

*Arfin.* The Love he shoves to her I have design'd  
 Only the King, the Court, and *Rome* to blinde,

Not that I would the *Armenian* Crown procure,  
 But our *Bithinian*, for my Son secure.  
 That done, I care not where the Queen espouse,  
 But freely leave her whom she please to chuse.  
 This Passion of my Sons if only prest,  
 To raise fresh Tempests in the Princes Brest;  
 Who when he sees the King set on by *Rome*,  
 An Advocate for *Attalus* become,  
 Will grow outrageous, and induced be,  
 To brave that Father as fierce as he.  
 Whose Heart by cunning ways to Flames I'll blow,  
 And work this daring Lovers overthrow,  
 Before he blinded by his Love, shall see,  
 The least intregue of this great Mystery.  
 By this thou see it all that I do pretend,  
 But sure *Flaminia* does me now attend.  
 He go — the Secrets of thy Queen preserve,  
*Eleone.* My Faith long try'd does not a Doubt deserve.

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Prusias, and Araspes.*

*Prusias.* **W**ithout my Orders, durst he then come here?  
*Arasp.* Pardon, Great Sir, you wrong him if you fear;  
 Prince *Nichomede's* Thoughts are all to just  
 'Twere injury to vertue to mistrust.  
 'Tis true you any other might suspect,  
 This quick return does seem to want respect;  
 And might give place to doubtful Thoughts, to know,  
 The Springs from whence does such impatience flow.

*Prusias.* I see 'em well, this Act appears to me  
 A pure Attempt on my Authority;  
 His happy Victories have rais'd his Soul  
 So high, that now he does abhor Controul.  
 Scornes to depend, and thinks he has a Right  
 To Rule, since he has purchas'd it by Fight.

Heroes.

Heroes, like him, believe when they obey,  
 Their Glories and their Greatness they betray.  
 And cast a shadow o're their mighty Deeds :

*Araſp.* Sir, heat of blood in youth that Humor feeds,  
 Their towering Spirits are by ſucceſs blown high,  
 And whilſt Camps do their Fortunes deſie.  
 They of Command gain ſuch a habitude,  
 Obedience after ſeems ſevere and rude.

*Pruiſas.* Speak all *Araſpes*, ſay a Subjects name  
 Sullies their Acts, and does eclipse their Fame.  
 That though Fate does deſign 'em Crowns, they grow  
 Impatient, if her motions be too ſlow.  
 That they conceive that Father does them wrong,  
 Who makes them tarry for their Right too long.  
 That hence 'tis firſt they Factions ſeek to raiſe,  
 Gaining our Subjects hearts, by ſecret ways.  
 And then if ſtill to us a life they ſpare,  
 Granting us a few days perplext with Care,  
 Yet inſolent and diſobedient grown,  
 They leave us but the ſhadow of a Crown.

*Atta.* This might of others Sir, be the Intent,  
 And what would aſk ſit Counſel to prevent;  
 But here Advice like that would ill become,  
 You're a kind Father, he a vertuous Son.

*Pruiſ.* Were I not kind, how faulty muſt he prove?  
 His innocence depends upon my Love.  
 'Tis only that makes his offence be none,  
 Or onely that will rob me of my Crown.  
 For my experience tells me youth in vain,  
 Oppoſes Vertue to deſire of Reign.  
 Ambition, is a thriving Plant, and findes  
 Its proper Soil in ſuch heroick Minds.  
 How oft is't writ in Characters of blood,  
 Man's Itch of Rule, could never be withſtood.  
 For if that Paſſion once our hearts ſurprize,  
 Religion's dumb, and Nature has no Eyes.

*Araſp.* Sir, theſe reflexions cannot ſure be due  
 To that high Service, he has done for you.

*Prin.* *Araspes*, this I from his Service owe,  
 Increasing of my Power he leaves me none.  
 He's not my Subject now, unless he please,  
 Who makes me Reign, may Reign himself with ease:  
 In short, his Merit's grown so bright, and high,  
 Its dazzling Lustre does offend my Eye.  
 For naturally we abhor the sight  
 Of those, whose benefits we can't requite.  
 All his great Acts speak here at his approach,  
 And so his presence is a close reproach;  
 Which tells me, thrice he has these Temples crown'd,  
 That all I can give him's a Spot of Ground  
 To these Dominions, which his conquering Hand,  
 And prosperous Valour adds to my Command.  
 Thus I must blush, though I prorogue my Fear,  
 And shame's a Burden Monarchs cannot bear.  
 Shame, in whose boiling Jealousies I finde  
 Those pestilent disturbers of my mind,  
 Which tells me, that he may do what he will,  
 And Crowns are Sovereign Prompters to do ill.

*Arasp.* In any other whom you might mistrust,  
 I know what Policies were safe and just;  
 That Subject must be false, who's grown too high,  
 Although he never thought a Treachery.  
 Power Sir, in Subjects is a Crime of State,  
 Which prudent Princes, ere it be too late,  
 By wisely clipping of their Wings, prevent  
 From meriting severer Punishment.  
 But for the Prince, his thoughts from crimes are free  
 And all so just—

*Prusias.* Wilt thou his Surety be?  
 Thinkst thou but he his utmost power will prove,  
 To revenge *Hannibal*, or save his Love?  
 Can he behold, and yet no force pretend,  
 A Rival Brother, and a Slaughter'd Friend?  
 No, no, he does his Vengeance now pursue,  
 He has a fair Pretext, and Power too.

He



He, like a Sun, amidst my States do shine,  
 Whom Soldiers, and People think divine;  
 Sure of the first, he now the last will gain,  
 And fix his Powers on my small remain.  
 Which yet is not so low, and abject grown,  
 But he shall finde it hard to make it none.  
 Yet I'll my passion with such cunning wear,  
 It jealous of his Honour shall appear,  
 And whilst I make his Glory my pretence,  
 I'll by obliging kindness, drive him hence.  
 But if he thus refuses to obey,  
 I shall be forc'd to try another way.  
 For what e're he has done, or I can fear,  
 I must preserve my State.

*Arasp.* Sir, he comes here.

## SCENE II.

*Prusias, Nichomede, and Araspes.*

*Prin.* Prince, what affairs could bring you from the Field?

*Nicho.* My duty did to just Ambition yield.

First, for the Honor Sir, to tell you here,  
 That you have yet another Crown to wear,  
 Then to receive your kind Embrace, and be  
 A Witness, you approve my Victory.

Sir *Cappadocia's* yours, *Arfaces* Throne,  
 Your Orders by my Arm, has made your own.  
 And I Sir, thought it was but just to bring  
 Thanks due unto my Father, and my King,  
 For the great Glory you vouchsaf'd this Hand,  
 To make it Minister of your Command.

*Prusi.* You might have staid Sir, till I sent for you,  
 And by your Letters, paid me the thanks due;  
 Nor ought you to have sully'd with a Crime,  
 That which your Victory adds to your Esteem.  
 To leave a Camp in any's Cappital,  
 But above all Sir, in a General.



Be sure, who e're but you, had thus come home,  
Had changd his Lawrel, for a Cypress Crown.

*Nicho.* Sir, I confesse my easie thoughts gave way,  
To those desires which my heart do sway.  
I've err'd, but Love to you caus'd the Offence,  
That Passion with my duty did dispence.  
My guilt alone from my affection grew,  
Else I had faultless been, but not seen you,  
A Happiness to me Sir, so sublime,  
That if for it, I'm fallen into a crime.  
I hope 'twill finde not strict severity,  
If Love judge in you what it did in me.

*Prusi.* With a Sons Name a slight excuse will serve,  
Him in his Fathers kindness to preserve.  
I look upon you, as my sole Support,  
Receive this day the Honor of my Court.  
The *Roman* Legate who does audience crave,  
Shall see what confidence in you I have :  
You Prince, this great Ambassadour shall hear,  
And answer him, for you're indeed King here,  
I'm but the shadow ; my age craves no more  
But Titles, for the Toiles I took before.  
Which I e're long must likewise yield to Fate,  
But yours is now the Interest of State.  
Upon your self, then a true value set,  
But midst your Greatness don't your Fault forget.  
Which having made a Breach on Sovereign Power,  
I to repair't, confine you to an hour.  
After to morrow dare not to stay here,  
Your Love by your obedience will appear ;  
And by example you will best maintain  
Your power inviolate, when you shall Reign.  
Go then, and by it to the people show,  
Our greatest Subjects best know what they owe.

*Nicho.* Sir, I'll obey, though the Command be hard,  
Yet give me leave to ask this small Reward ;  
Since my late Armes have open'd a fair way,  
That now with safety we may her convey,

And

And all *Armenia* for their Queen does wait,  
Please to let me conduct her to that State.

*Pruss.* The Conduct of a Queen so great and fair,  
Becomes your Due, as you are *Bithinia's* Heir;  
But e're that I can send her to her Right,  
You know some Ceremony's requisite.  
Whilst for her Voyage I things fit prepare,  
Go to the Frontiers, and attend her there.

*Nicho.* She without greater Equipage would go.

*Pruss.* That Wrong to Majesty I'll never do,  
But see, th' Ambassadour of *Rome* comes here,  
Answer him first, and then we'll think of her.

## SCENE III.

*Prusias, Nichomede, Flaminius, and Araspes,  
Guard, Attendants.*

*Flaminius.* Sir, e're I take my leave, *Rome* does command,  
That I on her behalf make one Demand.  
For Twenty years you to that Senate owe  
For a Sons Tutorage, and you may know  
By Vertues which his Education grace,  
He in their Cares had not the meanest place.  
'Bove all, he is instructed how to Reign,  
*Rome* sais't and asks this Credence to obtain  
From you, That as a Witness you esteem  
Her Cares, you order now a Crown for him,  
And you'll offend her Sir, if you appear  
To slight, what she thought worthy of her Care.  
Let me then to the Senate Tydings bring,  
Where 'tis that you design he shall be King.

*Prusias.* The Senates Cares for him shall never find  
Me either, Sir, ungrateful, or unkind.  
That he deserves a Crown I must believe,  
Since *Rome* and you do that assurance give;  
But Sir, you see a Prince his elder there,  
By whose victorious Arms three Crowns I wear,  
Who now a Lawrel at my Feet does throw,  
Some Glory to such worthy Acts I owe.

To speak for me, let him the Grace obtain.

*Nicho.* 'Tis none but you Sir, can make *Attalus* Reign.

*Prusi.* Your Int'rest is most touch'd in this affair.

*Nicho.* But to preserve yours, it shall be my Care.

What's *Rome's* Concern? whence does the Senate take  
Power, whilst you Live, and Reign o're your Estate?  
Live Sir, and Reign, whilst Nature grants you breath,  
And leave me then to deal with *Rome*, or Death.

*Prusi.* We ought to have Respect for such good Friends.

*Nicho.* Who shares in Life your States, your Death intends.  
And of such Friends in Policy —

*Prusias.* Forbear!

I'll nothing against that Re-publique hear,  
To such Allies you should more Reverence pay.

*Nicho.* Must I see Monarchs stoop to what they say?  
Since *Rome* does for this Prince so much pretend,  
Back Sir, to her, the mighty Present send;  
If he to Govern does so well deserve,  
He is a Treasure which they should preserve,  
That he in time might that Republique grace,  
Either ith' Consuls, or Dictators place.

*Flam.* Sir, this Discourse so much in scorn of *Rome*,  
Not from your Son, but *Hannibal* does come;  
That proud Abhorrer of the *Roman* Name,  
Has fill'd his heart with Hatred and Disdain.

*Nicho.* No, but he fix'd it as a Maxime there,  
To value *Rome*, and not her Greatness fear;  
He was my Master, which with pride I boast,  
And when *Flaminius* does revile his Ghost,  
He must know, he may do me Reason yet.  
For that dear Life, nor ought he to forget,  
That by his Fathers Blood, that mighty Min  
His Triumphs o're the *Roman* State began.

*Flam.* This is Reproach!

*Nicho.* Do not the Dead revile!

*Prusi.* Nor you by Contests mix'd with *Rome* embroyl.  
Speak plainly to the King as 'tis propos'd.

*Nicho.* Well Sir, since then it cannot be oppos'd,

*Attalus*

*Attalus* must Reign, *Rome* has resolv'd it so,  
 And since what she wills, must for Mandates go ;  
 If this dull World will stoop to such a Sway,  
 'Tis fit when she commands, Kings should obey:  
 But Sir, though *Attalus* a mind possesse,  
 Brave as the Greatest, vertuous as the best ;  
 Though he with all the Merit were endow'd,  
 Might grace a Throne, and make a Monarch proud;  
 Yet 'tis too much for you, Sir, to afford  
 Credit to it upon a *Romans* word :  
 If he such Vertue, and such Valour own,  
 They by their great Effects will best be known ;  
 Give him your Army, let him try to do  
 That for himself, which I have done for you.  
 I'll lend him, Sir, if he think fit, my hand,  
 And gladly will march under his Command :  
 Let famous *Scipio* my Example be,  
 To justifie such a Lieutenancy ;  
 Who when *Antiochus* was by *Rome* dethron'd,  
 The Orders of his younger Brother own'd.  
 The rest of *Asia* will to him afford,  
 Sufficient Employment for his Sword ,  
 Where he may surfeit his ambitious Brest.

*Flam.* *Rome* into her protection takes the rest ;  
 Nor must you, Sir, your Conquests there extend,  
 Unless you will her mighty Powers offend.

*Nicho.* I know not what to this the King would say,  
 But I my self perhaps may Reign one day,  
 Then the Effects we of these Threats shall see,  
 Mean time, go, and those places fortifie;  
 Prepare my now resolv'd Designs to oppose,  
 And in good time your *Roman* Aids dispose ;  
 And if *Flaminius* shall their Leading take,  
 I'll finde for him a *Thrasimenes* Lake.

*Prusi.* Prince, you my Kindness by these Taunts abuse,  
 You should a Legate with more Honor use ;  
 The Sovereign Power which does to me belong——

*Nicho.* Command me either speak, or hold my Tongue.

I cannot say less for a King to those,  
Who whilst he Reigns, would Lawes on him impose.

*Prusi.* You offend me Sir,

*Nicho.* Just as *Rome* Honors you.

*Prusi.* Dare you with boldness your Offence pursue?

*Nicho.* Why? Should I, Sir, behold your States confin'd,  
And Stops to my victorious Course design'd.

Should I stand still, and hear *Rome* threaten you,  
And be so tame as not to threaten too?

But kindly thank the imperious Tongues, that dare  
Restrain my Glories, and my Conquests bare.

*Prusi.* Excuse those Heats from youthful Blood do rise,  
Reason and Time will render him more wise.

*Nicho.* Reason and Time opened my Eyes before,  
And Age, Sir, will but open them the more.

If I had liv'd as *Attalus* has done,

And but imaginary Vertue known,

For what's without effects I must term so,

And that which does from admiration grow

Of mighty men; and Deeds does lamely teach,

'Tis Imitation must Perfection reach.

If then my thoughts like his had ne'er fear'd higher,

Than only *Rome's* great Heroes to admire,

They still would leave me the *Bithinian* Crown,

As from all times due to the elder Son,

Nor would have so much prest my Brothers Reign,

Had not I taught your Armies how to gain:

But since by three Crowns joyn'd to yours by me,

Too great a Power they do united see.

'T must be divided, and a Blot so gay

Makes this Prince too well bred Sir, to obey.

To weaken me that he their Turn may serve,

He more than *Alexander* does deserve.

And I must quit to make his Title good,

My Birthright or the purchase of my Blood.

Thank Heaven my Fortunes past, and those to come

Have cast a Cloud of Doubts, and Fears on *Rome*.

You



You, if you please, those Mists away may drive;  
 But never think I my consent will give.  
 The Master to whose Rules I all things owe,  
 Did not, Sir, teach me how to stoop so low.

*Flam.* By what you say Prince, it may well be guess,  
 You han't for Glory fought, but Interest.  
 And all those great Exploits which you have done,  
 Make but the Father Tennant to the Son.  
 The King's at best but Steward of your Right,  
 You for your self, and not for him did fight;  
 If those Dominions gain'd him by your Hand,  
 Are not to be dispos'd at his Command;  
 Those *Romans* Sir, whom you so much despise,  
 When they fight, fight for Glory, not for Prize.  
*Scipio*, whose Courage you extoll'd so high,  
 Having overcome *Rome's* stubborn'st Enemy;  
 Claim'd not for all the Kingdoms he had won,  
 More than the mighty Name of *African*;  
 But Glory so sublime's not elsewhere known,  
 And such pure Vertue *Rome* can boast alone.  
 But Sir, as to those fond conceits of State,  
 Your Power, might Jealousies in *Rome* create.  
 Consult some graver heads, you'll quickly learn,  
 Your Greatness is too mean for her concern.  
 Respect unto the King does now restrain  
 My saying more, but think of this again.  
 Let less smoak from your Martial Fires arise,  
 And you perhaps may see with clearer Eyes.

*Nicho.* When time this difference shall 'twixt us decide,  
 Perhaps you may not what I said deride.

*Flam.* Mean time, if you in fighting find such charms,  
 Press forward Sir, the Glory of your Arms:  
 For unto them no Progress *Rome* denies,  
 But Sir, she always succours her Allies;  
 If you don't know it, I give you this Advice,  
 Lest at first sight her Eagles should surprize?  
 But to the point — all your ambitious Brest  
 Claims as your Right, shall be by you possess,

Enjoy.

Enjoy *Bithinia*, as it is your due,  
*Pontus*, *Galatia*, *Cappadocia* too.  
 That Birthright, nor that purchase of your Blood,  
 Shall not make *Attalus* his Title good.  
 But since you think they all to you belong,  
*Rome* has not a Design to do you wrong.

A Crown is none of yours that Prince shall wear :

The *Armenian* Queen is still unmarried Sir, [To *Prusias*.  
 Th' Occasion does the thing it self propose,  
 You are her Guardian, and of her dispose.

*Nicho*. To make him King is this then the Design,  
 Without infringing any Rights of mine ?

The Piece with very curious Art is wrought,  
 And long Intreagues have worthy Issues brought ;  
 But since no Right to me you here afford,  
 As unconcern'd I'll answer but a word :

Only take Care that Princess treated be  
 Like to a Queen, press not on that degree,  
 Nor do in her the Rights of Crowns invade,  
 Or if you do, I'll perish in her Aid;

Know that no place can Laws to Sovereigns give,  
 But they're at freedom wheresoe'er they live ;  
 And in these Courts she's at her own dispose.

*Prusi*. Is this all you to that Request oppose ?

*Nicho*. Yes Sir, that's all, save only that the Queen  
 Knowing what I can do, too sharp has been.

*Prusi*. Gainst her, Sir, in my Courts, what dare you do ?

*Nicho*. Sir, I could speak, but can be silent too.  
 Only once more advise you, if you please  
 To Treat *Laodice* like what she is :  
 'Tis I that beg it.

#### SCENE IV.

*Prusias*, *Flaminius*, *Araspe*, *Guards*, *Attendants*.

*Flam*. What ! oppos'd too here ?

*Prusi*. This from a Lover is no Wonder, Sir:

That

That fiery spirit heightned by Success,  
 Hopes to her heart to hinder our Access.  
 We'll therefore seek that Passion to remove,  
 Kings Marriages are seldom made for love,  
 And I have Plots of Greatness, and of Fame,  
 Will quench Loves Fires, and blow out all its Flame.

*Flam.* But loving him, she'll be capricious too.

*Prusi.* If it should prove so, I know what to do.  
 But she's in fine a Queen, and that Degree,  
 Seems to require some Formality ;  
 And though my Power o're her be absolute,  
 And might constrain, yet Prayers will better do't :  
 You first as an Ambassadour shall move  
 The Match, I'll second *Rome* ; and if this prove  
 But to our Wish, 'tis better than Commands,  
 If not, she will be still Sir, in our Hands.  
 Come then let's go, and as this does succeed,  
 Take our Advantage further to proceed.

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*Prusias, Flaminius, and Laodice.*

*Prusi.* **Q**UEEN, since that Title carries so much Charms,  
 'Tis Loss, methinks should give you some Alarms ;  
 Power if abus'd is seldom long preserv'd ;

*Laod.* This great Advice shall by me be observ'd,  
 And if I ever Reign, Sir, you shall see  
 The Practise of such Noble Policy.

*Prusi.* Madam, to Reign you take but an ill way.

*Laod.* You may direct me if I go astray.

*Prusi.* You slight *Rome*, and too small respects you give  
 Unto a King, under whose Command you live.

*Laod.* If you your Regal Power would better know,  
 You'll find I pay to both, Sir, what I owe ;  
 If I as Queen receive Ambassies here,  
 I must as Sovereign before you appear.

*Assume*

Assume a Power which I cannot own,  
 And in your own Estates assert your Throne.  
 I them refuse out of Respect to you,  
 Honours, that in *Armenia* were my due.  
 There I might *Rome's* Ambassadour receive,  
 And with fit Splendor him an Audience give,  
 Their Answer, as a Queen to his Desires,  
 Or as the merit of the Cause requires.  
 Here Sir, I can't the Mystery understand,  
 Out of *Armenia* having no Command;  
 For all that Heaven does me else where allow,  
 Is that I live and no subjection know;  
 Reign o're my self, and have in all abodes  
 No Sovereign, but my Reason, and the Gods.

*Prusi.* Those Gods your Sovereigns by your Father gave  
 To me the Power which over you they have,  
 And you perhaps my one day understand,  
 What's a Kings Reason where he does command.  
 For proof of it, let's to *Armenia* go,  
 I'll bring you thither, but attended so,  
 That since you stand so much upon your State,  
 You must prepare to see it desolate.

Wars utmost fury through your Land shall Reign,  
 Dead Bodies shall make Mountains of a Plain.  
 And Rivers flow with Blood that I will spill.

*Laod.* Losing my States, I'll keep my Glory still,  
 All those vast mischiefs wherewith you me brave,  
 Shan't make me subject, though they make me Slave:  
 My Life is yours, but not my Dignity.

*Prusi.* This mighty Courage will reduced be,  
 When all these Miseries to a Head are grown,  
 And *Attalus* sits on your Fathers Throne;  
 Then, then perhaps, that Heart may stoop in vain,  
 To ask his Hand to seat you there again.

*Laod.* If of your War such base Effects you find,  
 There must be a strange Change wrought in my Mind.  
 But Sir, perhaps you cannot get so far,  
 The Gods will of my Fortunes have a care.

And

And raise a man who may my Cause defend,  
'Gainst all these Powers which *Rome* to you can lend.

*Prus.* You build your hopes on my presumptuous Son,  
But know that both of you to Ruine run ;  
Think of that, Madam, and resolve to be,  
Either a Queen, or else *Laodice*.  
For 'tis the last Advice I'll give to you ;  
Make *Attalus* King if you would Reign. Adieu.

## SCENE II.

*Flaminius, and Laodice.*

*Flam.* Madam, in short, Vertues perfection.

*Laod.* Follow the King, Sir, your Embassy's done,  
Once more I tell you, that whilst here I live,  
I cannot an Ambassadour receive.

*Flam.* Madam, what I would say does proceed more  
From one's your Friend, than an Ambassadour :  
From one that of your Safety has a Care,  
Touch'd with the Ills you for your self prepare ;  
And whilst I do make this my sole Pretence,  
You may admit me say with confidence ;  
Perfection of Vertue does require,  
Prudence should be the Checque of your desire,  
That of our Interest we should take a Care,  
Consider in what times we live, and where,  
Else height of Courage in a Royal Brest,  
Is but a bruitish Vertue at the best.  
Which, ( by false light of Honor guided ) blinds  
With its own Merits, the sublimest minds :  
Leads Heroes to such a violent Course,  
That they from Happiness themselves divorce ;  
Grasping those Ills, which they should have prevented,  
They grow admired, onely to be lamented ;  
Only hereafter with vain sighs to say,  
I had Right to Reign, but Passions crost my way.

*Laod.* Honor to me appears so fair and bright,  
It cannot sure admit of a false Light ;

E

Yet



Yet since 'tis out of kindness, that you do  
 Instruct me thus, as Friend I le answer you ;  
 And without asking by what jealous Fate,  
 You height of Honor prize at that low Rate ;  
 I dare affirm you'l by experience finde,  
 Not brutish Vertue Mistress of my minde ;  
 But such as will my Dignity defend,  
 And repulse those shall on it's Rights pretend .

*Flam.* Consider Madam, whom you do oppose,  
 The Wise, and Valiant, make not them your Foes  
 Which are too strong, but you a King incense,  
 Who makes increase of Rule his whole pretence ;  
 Whose Army now upon your Frontiers lies,  
 Numerous, Strong, and skill'd in Victories.

*Laod.* 'Tis true, he has a Potent Army there;  
 But such a offe, Sir, as I need not fear ;  
 'Tis true; 't has with Success and Glory fought,  
 But when the King shall think by whom 'twas taught;  
 He'l either checque those Threats of using force,  
 Or finde perhaps that he mistakes his Course ;  
 And e're with it he does attempt my Throne,  
 Levy another to secure his own.

*Flam.* Though this were true, whilst in his Courts you live;  
 He'l force that Reason which you will not give ;  
 He may do what he will, whilst you are here.

*Laod.* I, now you have said all that I could fear;  
 But out of my own Realms and in his Court,  
 Vertue gainst Tyranny may find support.  
 Sir, these Encroachments on the publique good,  
 Are by the very people understood :  
 They know Prince *Nichomede*, and know the Queen;  
 Her obstinate Hate to him is plainly seen ;  
 They see the King to all her Humors bends,  
 And can as well discern his dangerous Friends.  
 But for my self, whose Fall you think so nigh,  
 No humor makes me *Atta us* deny ;  
 But will to spare these Scorns he must receive,  
 Though I to him the Stile of King should give :

I should regard him as a common thing,  
 One born to be my Subject, not my King;  
 My Vassals too, like me, would think him so,  
 And such Scorns generous hearts can't undeigo;  
 'Tis out of Favour then I don't expose  
 Him, to such ignominious Sights as tho

*Flam.* Madam, if this be so, 'tis you that Reign,  
 And o're both Camp, and Court are Sovereign.  
 The King's but an *Idea*, and does bear  
 No Sway, but what you him in pity spare.  
 To receive Embassies is now your due,  
 Then as *Romes* Legate let me speak to you;  
 Or if that Name disgust you here, you may  
 Still as a private *Roman*, let me say,  
 That in these dayes the only way to Reign,  
 Is *Romes* Alliance, and her Aid to gain;  
 By it to Neighbouring States, Kings can give Law,  
 Quiet their own, and keep their Foes in Awe.  
 No Monarch better does his Crown defend,  
 Than whom she graces with the Name of Friend:  
 By it is *Attalus* more King, uncrown'd,  
 Than those whose Temples Diadems surround.

*Laod.* I knew to what, Sir, this discourse would come,  
 Kings are not Kings longer than pleases *Rome*:  
 But if she have their Crowns at her dispose,  
 To *Attalus* she little kindness shows:  
 She with her Greatness does her self deceive,  
 Else she'l not beg for him what she might give.  
 Or if that Prince so much her Fav'rite be,  
 Why sends she him without a Crown to me?  
 Why for a Subject strives she thus in vain,  
 To move that heart, which would a King disdain;  
 Stoopt he to *Rome*, or suffer'd her Commands,  
 Sullye the Supream Power in his hands,  
 My Heart cannot my Glory, Sir, betray,  
 I scorn these Kings have learn't how to obey.  
 And since at large you see what my Thoughts are,  
 Spare for the future both your Threats and Prayer.

*Flam.* But let me pity, Madam, your Mistake,  
 And beg you yet would from these slumbers wake;  
 Think but on *Rome*, think what her Power can do,  
 Let your own safety change those thoughts in you.  
*Carthage* destroy'd, *Antiochus* o'rethrown,  
 To be oppos'd she is too mighty grown.  
 Both Sea, and Land, unto her Mandates bow,  
 And of the World *Rome* is the Mistress now.

*Laod.* Mistress o'th' World! how would that Name affright,  
 Did I not know *Armenia* is my Right.  
 Did none to mighty *Hannibal* succeed,  
 Or he reviv'd not in Prince *Nichomede*;  
 Or had he not to him the Secret shown,  
 How your redoubled Powers may be o'rethrown.  
 That valiant Scholar of a Man so great,  
 May put his Lessons, Sir, in practise yet;  
*Asia* by three Crowns gain'd, six Battels fought,  
 Has prov'd the Conduct which that Master taught;  
 But these were Stroakes he did for tryal show,  
 The Capital may fear his Master-blow.  
 And he one day—

*Flam.* That day is yet far off,  
 The Gods of *Rome* do at such threatnings scoff;  
 That God whose shade at *Canna* did appear,  
 And fill'd your conquering *Hannibal* with fear,  
 But see the Mighty Arm that must become,  
 One day so fatal to the Stars of *Rome*.

### SCENE III.

*Nichomede, Laodice, and Flaminius.*

*Nicho.* The Power *Rome* to her Agents gives is large,  
 Or in my judgment you exceed your Charge.

*Flam.* Sir, if I act more than I ought to do,  
 The Senate may exact the Account, not you.

*Nicho.* Go then, and let my Flame the freedom gain,  
 After your State Intreagues to entertain.

The

The Queen, whose thoughts perhaps suffer such force,  
Under the mighty weights of your discourse,  
That I the Expend of Time and Art must use,  
T' expel those Maxims you would introduce.

*Flam.* The miseries ill plac'd Love might bring on her,  
Made me for pity be her Counsellor.

*Nicho.* Whilst you to pity her such Causes find,  
You're an Ambassadour extreamly kind  
But I must doubt those Counsels which you teach.  
Madam, what Treacheries did this *Roman* preach?

*Flam.* You grow outrageous.

*Nicho.* Sir, I should do so.

*Flam.* Yet to Ambassadors Respect you owe.  
All Countreys to so sacred a Degree.

*Nicho.* Boast not so much your Rank and Quality;  
Who Counsels, is Ambassador no more,  
He has renounc'd the Charge he had before—  
Did he his Answer, Madam, yet receive?

*Laod.* Yes, Sir, and such as became me to give.

*Nicho.* Then know, I prize you for no more than thus;  
*Attalus* Agent, and *Flaminius*;  
Or if you force me, I shall add to all,  
The Poysoner of my Master *Hannibal*.  
Behold what Honors you from me obtain,  
If you'd have more, go to the King complain.

*Flam.* Hee'll do me Justice, when I make't my Suit,  
Or if he fail, yet *Rome* knowes how to do't.

*Nicho.* You may of both go ask it if you please.

*Flam.* Prince, think what may ensue such wrongs as these.

#### SCENE IV.

*Nichomede, and Laodice.*

*Nicho.* That Counsel for the Queen had been more fit,  
My generous Thoughts now to her hate submit;  
These thoughts to which my Justice did appeal,  
And made me long her murderous Plots conceal.

Till

Till forc'd by new designs, I now did bring,  
*Zenon* and *Mithrobates* to the King;  
 Who knowing something will surprize his Ear,  
 He does himself their informations hear.

*Laod.* I know not what, Sir, the event maybe,  
 But this proceeding's not approv'd by me;  
 Nor what should force you to 't I cannot guess,  
 The more the Queen should fear, she fears the less;  
 And still the more she is disgrac'd by you,  
 She with more fierceness will her Hate pursue.

*Nicho.* Fain would she make my just Complaints appear,  
 The effects of my Resentments against her,  
 But that false Mask of Courage which she wears,  
 Shrouds but her Doubts, and does disguise her Fears.

*Laod.* Court Myst'ries are oft so close and fine,  
 We but at Random of their Aimes divine,  
 Whilst to defend me, Sir, you were not here,  
*Rome* never did for *Attalus* appear;  
 Nor to our Loves the least disturbance gave,  
 But now, whilst you but one dayes freedom have,  
 That day, and in your sight the *Roman* State,  
 Presses for an Alliance, which I hate;  
 So that there's nothing which I can perceive,  
 But urges you with speed to take your leave;  
 For whilst you still within their Pow'r remain,  
 Strange Throngs of Fears over my Spirits reign.  
 The King dotes on his Wife, Fears, *Rome*, and you,  
 By your Renown have made him jealous too.  
 I scarce dare think what I am forc'd to say,  
 There's too much Reason to expect foul play.  
 And you—— but I see *Attalus* appear,  
 What Projects, what Designs can bring him here?  
 Perhaps the search of me is his Intent,  
 If so, retiring I'll that Game prevent.



## S C E N E V.

*Nichomede, Attalus, and Laodice.*

*Atta.* Madam, that converse was so sweet before,  
Now mine is interpos'd, is so no more.

*Laod.* Your importunity that's so extream,  
Me in my second self may entertain;  
Knowing my heart my Spokesman he'll become,  
And answer you as he has answer'd *Rome*.

## S C E N E VI.

*Nichomede, and Attalus.*

*I Atta.* If, Sir, my presence drives the Queen away  
will retire——

*Nicho.* No, no, Prince you may stay,  
For I have something still to say to you,  
I laid by all these Rights that were my due;  
The Thoughts of being destin'd to a Throne,  
Resolving to maintain my Love alone;  
And did request you would attempt her so,  
And nothing to the Kings, or *Romes* Aid ow;  
But I must either think your memory's bad,  
Or you make no account of what I said.

*Atta.* You force me ill, Sir to remember this,  
Whilst yet between us nothing equal is.  
'Tis true, you with some Rights of Birthright part,  
But will you, Sir, give up the Princess Heart.  
Those Vertues did create his Love, decline  
And quit those Glories make you seem divine,  
Six Battels gain'd, three mighty Kingdoms won,  
The glorious Assault of many a Town.  
Sir, with such Seconds, what can equal you?  
Make then the Queen indifferent 'twixt us two,  
Let her no more that Mass of Glory see,  
Heapt on you by Success and Victory.  
At once, Sir, let her from heart remove  
Your mighty Deeds, your Vertues and her Love,  
Or else 'gainst all that odds, let me prevail  
To place the King, and *Rome* in t'other Scale;

You:

You may by what already is obtain'd,  
Judge there will little by their aid be gain'd.

*Nicho.* Prince, this Excuse is very bravely fram'd  
I see you ~~have~~ <sup>have</sup> not lost all your time at Rome,  
And if not Courage, have brought Cunning home.

## SCENE VII.

*Arfinoe, Nichomede, Araspes, Attalus.*

*Arasp.* 'Tis the Kings pleasure, Sir, you him attend.

*Nicho.* What I?

*Arasp.* Yes, Sir, he sent me to that end.

*Arfin.* Prince, calumnies are easily o'rethrown.

*Nicho.* Madam, that Truth by me is so well known,  
I wonder you instruct me in a thing  
I never doubted —

*Arfin.* Why then did you bring,  
Swell'd with vain hopes which will your self ensnare  
Zenon, and Methrobates from so far,

*Nicho.* I was resolv'd the whole should be conceal'd,  
And you have forc'd it, if it be reveal'd.

*Arfin.* Truth forc'd it; and did o're your Gifts prevail,  
Such Undertakings, Sir, do often fail.

They both said somewhat more than what you taught.

*Nicho.* If you're displeas'd you that displeasure sought.

*Arfin.* I cannot be pleas'd at what I find,  
Save that it blemishes so brave a mind,  
That to those mighty Titles which you had,  
We must the base one of Suborner add;

*Nicho.* Then to accuse you, they are suborn'd by me

*Arfin.* Prince, mines the trouble, yours the shame will be?

*Nicho.* And thus their Credit you would take away.

*Arfin.* No Prince, I rather stand to what they say.

*Nicho.* What have they said which your belief can gain?

*Arfin.* Two mighty Words which will augment your Fame.

*Nicho.* May not I know these words of so much weight?

*Arasp.* The King expects, Sir, your Attendance straight.

*Arfin.* From him you'l hear them, go know his command.

*Nicho.* Madam, I now begin to understand

His

His love to you, chasing his love to me,  
Will make you faultless, and me guilty be.

But——

*Arfin.* What? continue what that But does mean?

*Nico.* Two weighty words which Ile think of again.

*Arfin.* Those words of so much weight may not we know?

*Nico.* You'l hear them from the King, to whom I go.

# SCENE VIII.

*Arfinoe and Attalus.*

*Arfin.* My son, we Triumph; this great *Nicomede*  
Begins to see how his Deceits succeed,  
Those two Accusers by himself produc'd;  
Which should to kill him, be by me seduc'd;  
But to defame me were suborn'd by him,  
Being startled at so foul and black a sin.  
Both accus'd me, but did declare as soon  
They to it by the Princes Gifts were won:  
How mighty's Truth before the face of Kings,  
It from the Souls dark parts, a secret brings.  
That Presence does all Falshood soon confound.  
They've lost their own, who fought my Fame to wound.

*Att.* Madam, I joy to see such a Deceit  
Has left your Glories yet more pure and great.  
But put this Business to a closer Test,  
And lay aside a while your Interest,  
You'l less indulgence to a Humor give,  
Makes you those Villains with such ease believe,  
Their story twice this day has alter'd bin,  
Suborn'd by you, and then suborn'd by him.  
Against a man in whom such Vertues reign,  
Such treacherous Souls should no belief obtain:  
A confes'd Traitor does not faith deserve.

*Arfin.* You're generous, *Attalus*, and I observe,  
That even a Rival's Glory's dear to you.

*Att.* If I'm his Rival, he's my Brother too,  
We're of one blood, and that blood in my veins,  
Forbids me think him guilty of such stains.

*Arfin.* And does that blood of yours forbid you less,

To think your Mother is a Murtherefs?  
Your Mother, whose Destruction must be sure,  
Unless his Loss her Safety does procure.

*Atta.* If I 'gainst him such witness scarce believe,  
To them 'gainst you I can no credence give;  
But yet your Vertue that's above all Crime,  
May let me keep for him a just Esteem.  
His Glory has those jealous Spirits rais'd,  
Which are best pleas'd when Vertue is disgrac'd,  
Who with base acts (spur'd on by Envy) strive  
To dark the Lustre of so fair a Life  
For me, if other minds by ours be known,  
Or we can guess of their thoughts by our own,  
I must presume that I in him shall finde  
The self same Maximes, and the self same minde.  
With that great Rival I have fair play us'd,  
Not sought his Ruine, nor his Fame traduc'd.  
Those Aids I have, I did demand aloud;  
And I think him with such brave thoughts endow'd,  
That Glory onely his Designs inspires;  
And but with Merit counters my Desires.

*Arfin.* Intreaques of Court you never yet did prove.

*Atta.* Should Princes not like Princes treat of Love?

*Arfin.* You treat and talk like one did little know.

*Atta.* Madam, I speak those Vertues *Rome* did show.

*Arfin.* From time perhaps you will the knowledge gain,  
What Vertues should compose a Monarchs Train.  
Mean time, although that he your Brother be,  
Think that you have a Mother still of me,  
And to defeat what you of this conceive,  
Come see how far the King does it believe.

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Prusias, Arsione, Araspes.*

*Prus.* **A** *Raspes*, bring the Prince— *[Exit Araspes.*  
And pray forbear.

Madam,

Madam, those sighs which do my Bowels tear,  
 What need you thus with grief my Soul oppress?  
 Those Tears will nothing add to your Redress;  
 Nor is there need of them for your Defence,  
 Do I his Crimes doubt, or your Innocence?  
 Or in all I have said, what do you finde,  
 Should make you think that I can change my mind?

*Arst.* Ah Sir, what can repair those wrongs that be  
 Thrown on the Justest by base Calumny?  
 Virtue once charg'd with falshood, can no more  
 Be made so pure, so bright as 'twas before.  
 Still some reproachful mem'ry does remain,  
 Which to the brightest Glory brings a stain.  
 Whilst, Sir, Detraction harbours in your Court,  
 And People blindly would the Prince support;  
 Truth is too weak that Scandal to remove,  
 They'l think me freed from onely by your love;  
 And if the least Spot rest upon my Fame,  
 If your worst Subjects but suppose the same,  
 Can I deserve your love? or do these Fears  
 Concern too little then to merit Tears?

*Prus.* You're scrupulous, and do too much mistrust  
 A Husbands love, that knows his love is just:  
 Glory by Calumny becomes more bright,  
 And from its darkness gains a greater light:  
 But here's the Prince, and you shall see to day —

## SCENE II.

*Prusias, Arsinoe, Nicomede, Araspes, Guards.*

*Arfin.* Pardon Sir, Pardon for our onely stay:  
 Pardon for Laurels are so fertile grown;  
 Pardon for the Supporter of your Throne,  
 Pardon —

*Nico.* For what Madam? Three Kingdoms won,  
 Which my death must devolve upon your Son;  
 For having so far prest your conquering Arms,  
 That even Rome has taken the Alarms:



For having too much Regal Power sustain'd,  
 For that Renown I through the world have gain'd,  
 For having with Success and Glory fought,  
 Following the Maxims my great Master taught,  
 If I want Pardon choose 'mongst these my Crimes;  
 I know no more, Madam, unless you'll joyn,  
 That Villains (by some others gain'd) betraid  
 My easie Faith to credit what they said.  
 That having a clear Soul free from deceit,  
 I wanted light to see into their chear.  
 'Tis glory this, and not a crime for one  
 Who lives in Camps, where no Court Tricks are known;  
 Who scorning baseness, does not Thunder fear,  
 And knows no Stratagems, but those of War.

*Arfin.* Sir, I recant: he cannot guilty be,  
 Loading me with eternal Infamy,  
 He onely does that common Hate obey,  
 Men to the odious Name of Step-dame pay,  
 That Humour having in his heart took Root,  
 He does to me the strokes of Fate impute.  
 Does *Hannibal* his Master (having here  
 The Publique Faith) give up himself to fear,  
 And rather trust his Life and Liberty  
 To black Despair, than Hospitality?  
 Those Terrors which his dotting Soul invade,  
 Are onely Plots by me before-hand laid.  
 Though he such Charms in *Laodice* spies,  
 'Tis I make *Attalus* see with the same eyes,  
 'Tis I the Aids of *Rome* against him gain'd,  
 And all that wounds him issues from this hand.  
 But though to bleed with 'attempted have,  
 That Master to revenge, that Mistress save,  
 All might be pardon'd in a Jealous Lover;  
 But I do something more in this discover:  
 'Twas not his Love that foster'd this Design,  
 That I'm your Wife, Sir, is my greatest Crime,  
 From that Name onely springs this Calumny,  
 For else, in short, what can he charge on me?

Have

Have I since first your Armies he did command,  
 Deny'd th' assistance both of Voice and Hand?  
 Have I refus'd him that Renown was due?  
 And when he stood in need of Aids from you,  
 And might have perisht had they been delay'd,  
 Who better prest that necessary Aid?  
 Sent him quick Succors, both of Men and Treasur:  
 And to supply his Wants, made it my pleasure;  
 You know this, Sir, but see he does return  
 For all that I have done, Reproach and Scorn.  
 To rob me of your love, has scandal us'd,  
 But still in Jealous Lovers all's excus'd:  
 I say't again——

*Prus.* What answer canst thou make?

*Nico.* That the Queens goodness I must wonder at.

I will not say that with those Aids she gave,  
 By which she did my Life and Honor save,  
 And which with so much Pomp she does repeat,  
 She sought by my hand to make *Attalus* great,  
 And by this Arm of mine those Glories heapt,  
 Which this day tells us should by him be reapt;  
 By what she was to so much kindness wrought,  
 I leave to Heaven to judge, that knows her thought:  
 Those gods who heard the Vows she made for me,  
 Will of our Cause the best Deciders be.

Mean time, since the appearance is so fair,  
 She spoke for me, I ought to speak for her.  
 And for her interest, I must let you know,  
 In punishing two Villains, you're too slow.  
*Zenon* and *Metrobates* ought to be  
 A Sacrifice to her wrong'd Dignity.  
 They both accus'd her first, and that scarce done,  
 They made her faultless, to accuse your Son;  
 But no way clear'd themselves, their death is made  
 Too just, for having thus with Greatness plaid.  
 Offences done to those of our Degree,  
 Can no way but by blood, repaired be.

For

For things unsaid, you cannot pardon give,  
The Blot remains whilst the Impostors live,  
And sparing them, you Royal Blood expose  
Unto the malice of such Tongues as those.  
Th' examples ill your Life in hazard lies,  
If you let scape such spreading Calumnies.

*Arfin.* How Sir, would you destroy 'um for that truth,  
Which Heaven did suddenly put in their mouth,  
That truth which does restore to you your Wife,  
Cancels her Scandals, and secures her Life?  
That truth which did your Sentence, Sir, suspend,  
Whilst for my Int'rest he does this pretend?  
You have no Cunning, Prince, no Court tricks know.

*Prus.* Leave 'um, and of your own Defence think now,  
Purge your self of a Crime so base and low.

*Nico.* I purge my self, you cannot Sir, think so,  
You know too well those of my Dignity  
When they grow guilty, aim at things more high;  
Their Failings like their Glories are sublime,  
And with their Pow'r they do protect their Crime.  
T' have rais'd your People, brought your Army here,  
In an oppress'd Queens In'rests to appear,  
Snatcht her from hence in spite of Rome, or you,  
Or all that *Attalus* Rivalship could do,  
And of their Tyrannies have stop't the course  
With all your own, and all *Armenia's* Force,  
Had been fit Crimes for such a Soul as mine,  
If I a breach of Duty could design.  
Mean Spirits for Revenge use to defame,  
And 'tis most properly the Womans Game.  
'Gainst those Impostors then your Sentence give,  
For my sake, or the Queen, they ought not live.  
At the last moment, men with Heaven make peace,  
Truth best appears when Worldly Int'rests cease,  
And those base spirits when about to die,  
Perhaps may once more what they said, deny.

*Arfin.* Ah Sir!

*Nico.*

*Nico.* Pray Madam; the true Cause declare,  
Why you should press so hard these Lives to spare;  
Or let us think you fear, lest dying they  
Might out of conscience some close Plots convey.

*Arfi.* What hate than this Sir, can more cruel be?  
Whilst I'de acquit him, he accuses me.

But Sir, perhaps my presence whets his Rage,  
I by my absence may these Heats assuage,  
And quieting a Spirit soar'd so high,  
Prevent those Crimes at which he yet may flie.

I will not ask that Pity should procure  
For my protection, you a Crown secure.

Nor do I seek my *Attalus* to save,  
That he should halt of your Dominions have.

If that your *Roman* Friends request it so,  
I never did of their Intentions know.

They with their Pow'rs may favor still my Son,  
But I shall need no Aids when you are gone,

I love too well Sir, not to follow you,  
When in these arms you pay to Fates their due;

Upon your Tomb my Love's last Duty, Grief,  
At once shall sacrifice my Tears and Life.

*Prus.* Ah Madam!

*Arfin.* Yes Sir, when that time shall come,  
Your Destiny and mine shall be but one.

Then since he never shall my Sovereign be,  
What should I fear? what can he do to me?

All that I ask in favor of that Gage,  
That Son, who does so much his hate engage,

Is that he may return to *Rome*, and there  
Finish his days under that Senates care;

To whom you did commit his Youth, and be  
A weak Remembrance of your love to me;

This Prince will serve you better than before,  
When Jealousies shall wound his Thoughts no more.

And fear not Sir, though thus you *Rome* despise,  
For all her Power his Valour is too high.

The

The Secrets of great *Hannibal* he knows,  
 From whom *Rome* did receive such mighty blows,  
*Africk* and *Asia* yet admiring stand,  
 At those renown'd Advantages he gain'd  
 For *Carthage* and *Antiochus*. But now  
 I go Sir, and the liberty allow  
 To your Paternal Goodness, to improve  
 The tenderness of Nature, and of Love:  
 I must not longer in your Presence see  
 My self unworthily reproach'd be.  
 Nor would I move your anger against one  
 Who is your Valiant, and your Conquering Son.

## SCENE III.

*Prusias, Nicomede, Arsapes, Guards.*

*Prus.* This in my breast does strange disorders raise,  
 Yet *Nicomede*, I cannot think thee base,  
 But let's yield somewhat to the Senate's Prayers,  
 And strive to reassure the Queen who fears;  
 Passion for her, Affection pleads for thee,  
 I would not have this Hate eternal be.  
 Yet though I prize them, cannot in my breast  
 Cherish these thoughts onely to break my rest.  
 I would make Love, and Nature, of accord,  
 Father, and Husband be; and in a word—

*Nico.* If I may with you any credit win,  
 Be neither one, nor t'other.

*Prus.* What then?

*Nico.* King.

Bravely that Noble Character resume,  
 Passions in Monarchs hearts should finde no room,  
 Father and Husband are respects not known  
 To a true King, who should regard his Throne,  
 And nothing more. Reign as you ought then, Sir,  
 And *Rome* will fear you more, than you fear her.  
 See but how she who dares to threaten you,  
 With apprehensions does my Loss pursue,  
 Hoping by losing me, strange things to gain,

'Cause



(47)  
Cause she foresees I shall know how to reign

*Pruss.* Thus then ungrateful, le thy counsel use,  
*Laodice*, or my four Kingdoms choose.

'Twixt thee and *Attalus* thy King does make  
This dividend, thou one of them must take  
No longer Father now, but King I be.

*Nico.* Were you as well King of *Laodice*,  
And could with Justice such a choice propose,  
I should ask time ere I my thoughts disclose.  
But now to show my will to please you,  
Yet with respect not to offend her too,  
I answer without frivolous delay,  
To your intentions not to what you say.

To that dear Brother all those rights transpose  
And let *Laodice* be free to choose.  
By that see which is mine.

*Pruss.* Poor abject mind,  
What fury makes thee for a woman blind,  
Prefer'st thou her to all thy glorious fights?

To all thy valour to my Realm unites?  
After such baseness, dost deserve to live?

*Nico.* I follow that example which you give,  
Prefer not you a woman to that son,  
By whom those Victories those crowns were won?

*Pruss.* Do you see me renounce a crown for mine.

*Nico.* Do you imagine that is my design?

If to my brother what is yours I quit,  
I nothing yeild having no right to it,  
For what can I unto your Crowns pretend?  
Till death shall to your Right and Reign give end.

Pardon me Sir the Harshness of the Phrase,

Yet Fate in fine does limit Monarchs days

Your people then, wanting a King, will see

And choose perhaps betwixt that Prince and me.

Sir, our resemblance is not yet so high,

But dullest eyes a difference may spy.

And the old rights of birth have oft been known

To call an Exile back to fill the throne.

Or if your Subjects thoughts with yours agree,  
 Their's others brought under your yoke by me.  
 And though *Rome* still her jealousie pursue,  
 I can do for my self what's done for you:

*Prus.* I'll take a course for that.

*Nico.* It may be done.

If to their Fears you sacrifice your son:  
 Else your Estates resign'd unto that Prince,  
 Shall not be his, when you are gone from hence.  
 'Tis not in secret, that I this declare,  
 But speak it, that he may himself prepare.  
 He hears me now.

*Prus.* Ingrateful without blood,  
 I shall know how to make his titles good.  
 And you-----

#### SCENE IV.

*Prusias, Nicomedes, Attalus, Flaminius, Araspe, Guards.*

*Flam.* If my affront this anger draws,  
 Sir you might spare it to so light a cause  
 Rome may receive it with resentments due.  
 But I have Friends that shall appease her too.

*Prus.* I'll do her right, to morrow from this hand,

*Attalus* shall receive supream command.

I'll make him King of *Pontus* and my heir,

And for this Rebel who does so much dare,

*Rome* shall be Judge what his affronts deserve,

In *Attalus* stead, he shall for Hostage serve.

And to conduct him fit means shall be found,

So soon as he has seen his Brother crown'd,

*Nico.* And will you send me then to *Rome*?

*Prus.* Yes Sir:

Go, ask your dear *Laudice* from her.

*Nico.* I'll go, I'll go Sir, and shall there appear,

A greater Monarch then you dare be here.

*Flam.* *Rome* on your actions will true value set.

*Nico.* Gently *Attalus* we are not there yet.

The Journey's long, and you may be deceiv'd,  
Things well begun are often ill achiev'd.

*Pro.* Away *Araspes*, double now his Guard.

*Atta.* Sir,

*Pro.* Thank *Rome*, and still have this regard.

That as her powers are the springs of yours,

'Tis her support alone your power secures.

But Sir I now must your excuse desire, (to *Flaminius*.)

The Queens disgusto some comfort do require.

I'll therefore go but leave him still with you,

*Attalus* once more give *Rome* those thanks are due.

## S C E N E V.

*Attalus* and *Flaminius*.

*Atta.* What value shall I on these favours set

Which for the highest Merit are too great?

Your kindness does so far all bounds surpass

It has for my ambition left no place,

Yet Sir I needs must say my Fathers throne,

Would not compleat my happiness alone,

That which most charms my spirit is that now,

The *Armenian* Queen may to my wishes bow.

The scepter which does make me worthy her.

*Flam.* Will not your passion in her heart prefer?

*Atta.* Sir resolutions are not always one,

Our thoughts are oft chang'd by occasion,

Besides it was her dying Fathers care,

She should be spouse to the *Bithynian* heir.

*Flam.* She being Queen, that will's no order now,

Further then 'tis her pleasure to allow,

Besides what can she in a Crown respect,

Given in that Princes wrong she does affect,

In you who rob her of a Friend so dear,

And of his fall the only Author are.

*Atta.* That Prince sent hence, to whom shall she complain

Who can gainst *Rome*, and us, her cause sustain,

For still I promise to my self your aid,

*Flam.* Councils are different by occasions made

And to be plain, Prince I'll not promise it.

*Atta.* At this Rate Sir you do confound me quite  
By Sovereign power I am but wretched grown.

If I must loose your Friendship with my crown.

But I *Rome's* justice wrong in doubting thus.

Han't you her orders?

*Flam.* Yes for *Atta.*

For that Prince whom she from his Cradle knew.

But for the King of *Pontus* must have new.

*Atta.* New orders Sir I cannot understand,

Why *Rome* should crush the work of her own hand.

Unless she jealous of my power become.

*Flam.* What if't you say Prince, what if't you presume?

*Atta.* Only from you Sirs would comprehend

To what this unequallity would tend.

*Flam.* I would explain't and would recover you

From these destructive errors you pursue,

*Rome* courting for you the *Armenian* Queen,

Dispenc'd with Justice out of that esteem

She had for you, but since she does obtain,

You by more just and equal ways may Reign,

Glory does with her love to you disbence

And stops her acting further violence.

Then leaving that Queen to her own thoughts free

Your wishes must elsewhere directed be.

*Rome* will a fitting match for you provide.

*Atta.* But if that Queen consent to be my bride?

*Flam.* Twil hazard yet *Rome's* Glory and appear

As if some artifice of hers were.

Prince if my words can any credit gain,

You must endeavour to suppress this flame.

Or if of my advice you take no heed,

Stay for the *Senates* e're you do proceed.

*Atta.* Finding such coldness to such love succeed,

*Rome* lov'd not me, but hated *Nicomede*.

And whilst to feed my Wishes she does Feign

Contrives my loss then when she makes me Reign.

*Flam.* Sir that my answers may not be too wide

To these essays of your ingratitude,  
 Follow your humour, and your Friends offend;  
 Your Sovereign now, and all things may pretend.  
 Yet since it is to fresh you can't drif down  
 'Tis *Rome* which this day seats you in a throne,  
 Remember what the King but now did say,  
 You will be nothing when you loose her stay.

## SCENE VI.

*Atta.* Was it thus *Attalus* thy Grandfires reign'd?  
 Wilt thou be King to have thy power restrain'd  
 By such a World of Masters? Ah I find,  
 Titles thus bought are irksome to my mind.  
 If for such Masters I must gain a Crown  
 'Twere better to be subject still to one,  
 And heaven has given him so great and brave  
 'Twere base to flight him and become *Romes* slave,  
 Then to the *Romans* let us boldly show  
 Living amongst them we their Maximes know,  
 That all they do they to some ends apply  
 And all their Friendships yeilds to policy  
 Then in our turn let us be jealous too,  
 And act for us vvhhat for themselves they do.

The end of the Fourth Act.

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*Arfi.* *Attalus.*  
**T**O fear this Rout, I see no reason vvhyy  
 What's in a moment born, as soon will dye  
 If darkness does increate its noise, the light  
 Will dissipate the vapours of the Night,  
 Lets does the peoples tumult me disturb  
 Then to see, thou canst not thy passion curb.

But



But led, by love so fruitless and so vain  
 Contemn'st not her, did thee so much disdain  
 Let that ungrateful from thy thoughts be chac't;  
 Now thou above her art by Fortune plac't;  
 It was her throne, not eyes, thou should'st adore;  
 Reigning without her: love her then no more.  
 Offer that heart to more obliging chains,  
 Now th'art a King, *Asia* has other Queens,  
 Who would not scornful of thy sighs appear,  
 But pay those vows to thee, thou payest to her.

*Artal.* But Madam, if—

*Arfin.* Why if she should prove kind,  
 Theirs danger in't not seen by love that's blind:  
 As soone as of her Crown posselt thou be  
 She will engage thee in her hate to me.  
 But Oh Gods! can her rage those limits keep.  
 Can'st thou in safety in her bosome sleep?  
 Thinkest thou that her resentments will not prove  
 The sword or poyson to revenge her love.  
 What is't a woman won't in fury do?

*Artal.* You with false arguments corceal the true.

The Senate who no powerful King would see,  
 Feard that in *Nicomede* they fear in me.  
 To a queens bed I cannot now pretend,  
 Unless I will our soveraign *Rome* offend,  
 And since by it my Interests I betray,  
 To keep her favour still I must obey,  
 Those profound pollicies I understand,  
 By which she hastens to the worlds command.  
 If any Monarch grows too great and high,  
 His ruine must remove her jealousy.  
 Who makes a Conquest gives a wound to *Rome*,  
 Which can't endure too great a power in one.  
 But alwayes thinks just cause of warr appears  
 'Gainst those whose greatness may o're shadow hers.  
 They who of Empire best the rules do know,  
 Will make us all things to their orders owe.  
 Their power o're Kings to that vast height is grown

All stoop to them, while they depend on none,  
 Madam, too well I am instructed thus,  
 By th' fall of *Carthage* and *Antiochus*,  
 Least I be crusht like one of them, i' le bow,  
 And reasons which I can't oppose allow,  
 Fate this compliance from me now commands;  
 Since you give *Nicomede* into their hands,  
 That *Ostage* will secure my Faith or be,  
 A *Lyon* ready to let loose on me:

*Arf.* This is what I intended to advise  
 But with this prudence you my soul surprize  
 These things may change, but let it be your care  
 To wink at Jealousies which useful are.

## SCENE II.

*Arfinoe, Flaminius, Attalus,*

*Arf.* Sir is it not a conquest worth the pain  
 That from a Lover I belief can gain,  
 Make him with duty that fierce flame controul  
 And seat again his reason in his soul,

*Fla.* Madam, 'twere well such conquests to pursue  
 And make this people reasonable too  
 'Tis time their growing tumults to restrain  
 Or if you strive too late you'll strive in vain,  
 On a weak *Basis* you those Fancies found  
 Make you believe they will themselves confound

*Rome* uses not commotions to oppose  
 With such tame Resolutions as those  
 But when to popular rage they'l sound retreats  
 That senate spares not either prayers or threats  
 With resolution her affairs she steers  
 And from her seven hills drives her Mutineers.

Who would a horrible descent have made  
 If they had longer there regardless staid,  
 Left to the freedom to set what they please;  
 As you in this occasion give to these,

*Arf.* Since *Rome* does so, we'l to her rules submit

Here

Her great example doth authorize it;  
And the King shall — but now himself is here!

## SCENE III.

*Prusias, Arsinoe, Flaminius, Attalus.*

*Prus.* The whole design does now to me appear:  
These Mutineers are by *Armenians* led,  
And have declar'd that *Queen* to be their head!

*Flam.* I did at first that 'twas her plot suspected;

*Atta.* For all your cares she pays you this respect.

*Flam.* Sir now the times necessity obey,  
Think what to do, ~~talk~~ does but breed delay.

## SCENE IV.

*Prusias, Arsinoe, Flaminius, Attalus, Cleone.*

*Cleo.* Nothing can now the peoples rage withstand  
Madam they with loud cries the Prince demand,

And have to such a height their Furies born,  
His two accusers are in pieces torn.

*Ars.* Those victims paid unto the peoples hate  
We with their Fury may our fears abate,  
In those two Wretches blood, their hands being dy'd,  
They 'I think the Prince is amply satisfy'd.

*Flam.* Madam if this disorder had no chief,  
I should incline to be of your belief.

The peoples rage no further might pretend,  
But form'd designs have seldom such an end.

They press at what they have contriv'd before,  
The first bloodshed opens the way to more.

Flethes, and hardens, does all horror chase  
And unto fear or pity leaves no place.

## SCENE V.

*Prusias, Flaminius, Arsinoe, Attalus, Cleone, Araspes.*

*Aras.* The tumult towards the Court fir makes such haste,  
And your false Guards do quit their Posts so fast,  
I dying may my Loyalty assure,

But

But cannot longer sir the Prince secure.

*Prus.* Lets go, lets go then to these rebels give  
That head they seek to crown whilst wee'r alive  
From off the battlements wee'l to them throw  
That precious object which they cover so.

*Atta.* Ah Sir.

*Prus.* Yes yes; tis thus we ought to give,  
And they who so demand, should so receive,

*Atta.* But sir you'l thus, these mutiners engage  
To execute the utmost of their rage:

The Queen, *Flaminius* nor your Majesty  
Cannot in any hopes of safety be.

*Prus.* What shall I to these Rebels then go down  
And with their darling, yeild them up my Crown,  
Theres but that choice: their power outmatching mine.  
I must my Scepter or my Life resign.

*Flam.* Though there were justice in what you propose:  
Can you sir of that Princes life dispose?

The power you could pretend ore him is gone:

He's now *Romes* hostage and no more your Son.

And though a Father have forgot him quite,

I must remember what's the Senates right:

Which taking of his life you must invade,

Of which I will be no abettor made,

My Galley's now lye ready in the port

And theirs a private passage from the Court:

If then my counsels can't his fall prevent,

To my departure first give your consent,

That thereby to the word it may appear,

*Rome* is more just then you, and less severe,

Expose not her to that contempt and shame,

To see her heere in her own sight slain,

*Arfin.* Sir, speak what I think's fit to do?

*Prus.* Yes for there can come nothing ill from you

*Arfin.* Heaven then to me, a lure device has shown,

To purchase *Romes* contentment and your own

since sir his Galleys ready are to go,

He may with ease take home his hostage too.

(50)  
The designs favoured by the private gate,  
But all things better to facilitate.  
Show your self to the people appear kind,  
And seem to their desires to be inclin'd,  
And thus amuzing them give time till he  
With all their hopes have gain'd the open Sea,  
When if they force the Court, and hit the Prince,  
Appear confus'd, say Rome has from him hence,  
Promise your just Revenge shall pursue her,  
And all that in it her assistants were.  
Send after him with the approaching moon,  
Flatter them with the hopes of his return,  
And with a thousand Arts you may devise,  
Still give advantage to the enterprize.  
How high so ere their transports now appear,  
They'l attempt nothing while for him they Fear.  
Or while they shall perceive all force is vain  
Thus you assured safety may obtain.  
But if they find him we must fly this state,  
For at first sight they'l him their King create,  
You think so I believe sir?

*Prw.* Yes, I do?

And think the Gods sent this advice to you,  
Then this what better could contrived be?

*Flam.* It gives you glory, life and liberty,  
Besides *Laodice's* still Hostage here,  
So that we nothing but delays can fear.

*Prw.* Then talk no more let's follow the advice.

*Arf.* *Araspes* and three souldiers will suffice,  
To guard him, numbers faithless oft appear  
He to *Laodice*, and secure her.

*Attalw* where run you.

*Atta.* I go to try, one project to appease men's fury,  
Twill add another to your stratagem.

*Arf.* Think your concerns and mine are still the same  
'Tis for your sake if I'm danger be.

*Atta.* Madam, i'le perish or i'le set you free.

*Ar.* Go then the *Armenian* Queenly yonder see.

Scene



(54)  
SCENE VI.

*Arfinoe, Laodice, Cleone.*

*Arf.* Must she who caus'd these harms unpunish'd be

*Laod.* No Madam, a fit punishment i'll find,  
For the small Faults of her ambitious mind.

*Arf.* Speak you that punishment who know her crime

*Laod.* A small abasement will serve for a Queen,  
To see her plots prevented may suffice.

*Arf.* Say rather that her rashness to chastise,  
Scepters and Crown she does deserve to loose:

*Laod.* Great spirits seldom such revenges use,  
When they have once o'recome they soon forget  
And temperate bounds unto their anger set,

*Arf.* Those that believe you would be soon content

*Laod.* Heaven gave not me a soul more violent,

*Arf.* To raise up subjects 'gainst their Sovereign  
To hazard Kingdoms to the sword and flame,  
Into the Court to press their insolence,  
Call you this Madam, little violence:

*Laod.* We're both mistaken, Madam, and I see,  
VWhat I speak for you, you explain for me:

But for what touches me all cares are past

'Twas to serve you that made me hither hast,

Least Majesty might suffer something rude

From the inrag'd fury of a multitude,

Send for the King and Attalus that I

In them preserve the Royal Dignity.

VWhich else an angry people may assail.

*Arf.* Did ever pride o're woman thus prevail

You that the cause of these disorders were,

You that in my own courts my Captive are

You whose blood shall atone these crimes and be

A victim to affronted Majesty.

VWith confidence dare thus your crime pursue,

And talk as if I should ask grace of you.

*Laod.* Madam, whilst you thus obdurate appear,

You don't believe tis that command here

That when I please you shall my victim be  
 Nor can this Tumult be a fault in me,  
 Your people are all guilty, and in them,  
 Justly these acts you may as crimes condemn.  
 But I'm a Queen and cannot be accus'd,  
 If for my safety I these Rebels us'd:  
 Since rights of War did never yet deny  
 Raising revolts against an Enemy  
 Who robs me of my spouse, I mine may call

*Arfin.* I am so Madam, and what ere befall,  
 Before when ere these Rebels force the Court  
 This moment with your head you answer for't

*Laod.* You'l satisfy your threats, or on my tombe  
 Soon see a great and royal Heecombe  
 But Madam, could you do't although there were  
 Zenon and Mithrobates harbor'd here,  
 Think you my plots have bin so largely fram'd  
 But I have likewise your domesticks gain'd  
 Find out a man that would his life betray,  
 That's fond of dying, and hee'l you obey,  
 Yet o're *Bythinia* I pretend no sway,  
 Give me free passage to *Armenia*  
 And that you may your own just power regain  
 Restore my spouse, whom you with hold in vain

*Arfin.* That spouse of yours, you may towards Rome pursue  
*Flaminius* has him, hee'l restore him you,  
 But pray make haste, you'l miss him else, for he  
 Is by this time, at least a league at sea.

*Laod.* Could I believe't—  
*Arfin.* You may do't if you please.

*Laod.* Fly then those furies which my spirits seize,  
 After the knowledg of an act so foul,  
 All generous thoughts are bannish'd from my soul  
 But rather, as my hostage here remains,  
 Till with this hand, his freedom I regain,  
 I'll go and pluck him from the midst of Rome,  
 With all your subjects, and with all my own  
 At her own gates I'll give her my Alarms,

Supported with ten hundred thousand armes,  
My rage shall their her tyrannies subdue.

*Arfin.* Then you'l in fine reign ore *Bethinia* too?  
And in that frenzy does poss: is you now  
The King must of your Regency allow.

*Laod.* Madam il'e reign, and yet not injure him,  
Since he is but the picture of a King.  
What need he care, who laws does here ordain  
Or whether *Rome* or I for him does reign.  
But see I have an other hostage yet.

# SCENE VII.

*Attalus Arsinoe, Laodice, Cleone.*

*Arfi.* Saws't thou their *Attalus* make their retreat?

*Attalus* Ah Madam!

*Arfi.* Speake!

*Atta.* Ah Madam! what is done  
Summes up all our preceding feares in one.  
The Prince is scap'd.

*Laod.* Then Madam fear no more,  
I'me now as generous as I was before.

*Arfin.* Does *Attalus* delight to affright me too?

*Atta.* Hope not so well, as to presume it so,  
Wretched *Araspes* led by his ill fate,  
With his weak guard no sooner reach't the Gate  
Through which *Flaminius* had past to his fleet  
But he fell wounded at the Princes feet,  
And his few followers danted at that sight  
Fearing the like fate took a speedy flight.

*Arfin.* But who, alas! could wound him in that gate?

*Atta.* Ten or twelve soldiers who as guards did wait  
The Prince. —

*Arfin.* Ah son there Traytors every where,  
Few subjects to their Masters faithful are,  
But whence of this could you informed be

*Atta.* *Araspes* self did dying tell it me.  
But hear what only causes my despair,  
To joyne me with my Father I took care.

But

But all in vain for coming to the shore.  
 I saw that Monarch to his fears give o're.  
 In a small skiff after the Roman flee,  
 VVho was perhaps no less afraid then he.

## SCENE VIII.

*Prusias, Flaminius, Arsinoe, Laodice, Attalus, Cleone.*

*Pru.* No, no, beleive us yet too brave to fly,  
 Here we'l defend your gloryes or we'l dye.

*Ars.* Lets dye, lets dye sir, and not victims be  
 Unto the fury of an enemy.

'Tis better we of our own fate dispose  
 Then leave it to the Pleasure of our foes:

*Laod.* By this despair you that great man offend  
 Much more then when you him to Rome would send.  
 Since in my breast he such an Empire hath  
 You should beleive him worthy of my Faith,  
 I should disown him, had he not a mind  
 Revenge can't animate nor passion blind.  
 Did not in him all that is generous dwell,  
 But here he comes see if I know him well.

## SCENE LAST.

*Prusias, Nicomedes, Arsinoe, Laodice, Flaminius, Attalus, Cleone.*

*Nico.* All's quiet sir, my sight did soon assuage  
 The peoples fury and has balm'd their rage.

*Pru.* Rebel in my own Pallace do'st me brave

*Nico.* Rebels a title I shall never have:  
 I come not here sir to reproach your hate,  
 Like Captives grown proud with their charge of state.

Like a good Subject I bring that repose,  
 VVhich some ill interests sought to discompose:

Not that I would a crime to Rome impure,  
 She greatness follows with a close pursuit:

And her Ambassador did what he ought,  
 VVhen to divide our growing powers he sought.

But

But yet fir don't admit him to constrain;  
 To make her fear, let me your favour gain  
 Pardon your people, too much heat and rage  
 In which their love to me did them engage.  
 Pardon those faults they necessary thought,  
 Faults which to you have peace and safety brought

Forgive them you too Madam, and let me  
 A vow'd admirer of your goodness be.  
 I know what 'twas made you my foe become,  
 A mothers love would fain have crown'd her son,  
 I will my self assist in the design,  
 If you can yeild he take his power from mine,  
 As more conquests Madam does afford,  
 And to crown him you may command this sword  
 Choose but ore what place you would have him King  
 And to his hands I will that Scepter bring.

*Arfin.* Ah fir! why do you farther preis this strife,  
 Y'ave in your power my glory and my life,  
 Can't your ambition their receive an end,  
 But you'l your conquest ore my heart extend.  
 Against such vertue there is no defence,  
 My brest to yield bleeds with impatience.  
 Joyn then this victory to three Kingdoms won  
 And I in you shall gain another son

*Prin.* Madam, then I yeild too, and must beleive,  
 My glories do in such a son revive,  
 But for this happinels which we receive  
 Man't we Prince know to whom our thanks to give

*Nico.* The Author of it would not fir be known  
 But took a pledge from me, which I must own  
 'Twas here he said it should restored be.

*Alia.* Sir if you please accept that pledg from me

*Nico.* By this brave action you best let me know  
 That in your veins, true royal blood does flow  
 You are no more th' ambitious slave of Rome  
 But the Redeemer of a Crown become  
 Brother with my chains others off are throne,  
 The Kings, the Queens, Bythinias and your own,

But



But why conceal your self and save the state  
 To see your vertue at the highest rate,  
 I thought against our injustice it would act best,  
 When not by this weak service prepossest,  
 And I on one of us reveng'd might be,  
 If I had judg'd ill of what now I see.  
 But Madam

(to *Arfinoe*.)

*Arfin.* 'Tis enough I now divine,  
 What was the stratagem you'd add to mine,  
 And sir my spirits pleas'd to see my Son (to *Nicomede*)  
 His stop that course of ill; I would have run.

*Nico.*

{ Sir to be plain I think each generous mind,  
 to *Fla.* }

Might happiness in your alliance find.  
 But with those Laws which *Rome* to Kings would give  
 We can't from her the stile of Friend receive,  
 Let us then have it free from servitude  
 Or Enemy will be a name less rude.

*Fla.* This I must leave sir to the Senates care  
 But thus much can with confidence declare,  
 That at the least Prince you'll find that respect  
 Such an Heroick spirit can expect,  
 And if the name of friend they can't allow,  
 They'll think to have found in you a worthy Fo.

*Pru.* Since thus our civil Jarrs compos'd are  
 To render thanks to Heaven let us prepare  
 And that our happiness may firm become  
 Pray to the Gods to grant us peace with *Rome*.

The End of the Fifth and  
 Last Act.

FINIS.

1

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<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Alchymist.	C	<i>Torquato Tasso</i>	<i>Aminia.</i>	P
<i>James Shirley</i>	Arcadia.	P	<i>John Studley</i>	<i>Agamemnon.</i>	T
<i>Will. Rowley</i>	All's lost by lust.	T	<i>Sr. John Suckling</i>	<i>Aglaure.</i>	TC
<i>Geo. Chapman</i>	All Fools. +	C	<i>Leonard Willan</i>	<i>Aitrea.</i>	P
<i>Rich. Broome</i>	Antipodes.	C	<i>Lod. Carlile</i>	<i>Arviragus &amp; Philicia, 1st. part.</i>	TC
<i>Sir W.D' Avenant</i>	Albovine.	T	<i>Lod. Carlile</i>	<i>Arviragus &amp; Philicia, 2d. part.</i>	TC
<i>George Peele</i>	Alphonius Emp. of Germany.	T	<i>John Marston</i>	<i>Antonio &amp; Melinda.</i>	T
<i>Lord Sterling</i>	Alexandrian Tragedy.	T	<i>John Marston</i>	<i>Antonio &amp; Melinda.</i>	T
<i>Lord Brooks</i>	Alaham.	T	<i>Tho. May</i>	<i>Agrippina.</i>	T
<i>John Webster</i>	Appius and Virginia.	T	<i>Tho. May</i>	<i>Antigone.</i>	T
<i>Hen. Glapthorne</i>	Albertus Wallenstein.	T	<i>E. W.</i>	<i>Apollo Shroving.</i>	C
<i>Hen. Glapthorne</i>	Argalus & Parthenia.	P	<i>John Lilly</i>	<i>Alexander and Campaspe.</i>	C
<i>Shak. Marmion</i>	Antiquary.	C	<i>Henry Porter</i>	<i>Albumazar.</i>	C
<i>Tho. Randall</i>	Aristippus.	I	<i>T. Lupton</i>	<i>Angry women of Abington.</i>	C
<i>Tho. Randall</i>	Amynras.	C	<i>Nich. Trotte</i>	<i>All for money.</i>	T
	Arden of Fever-sham.	T	<i>Lady Pembroke</i>	<i>Arthur.</i>	T
<i>Cryl Turneur</i>	Atheists Tragedy.	T	<i>R. C.</i>	<i>Antonius.</i>	T
				<i>Albions Triumph</i>	M
				<i>Alphonius King of Arragon.</i>	H

R. B.	Alarum for London.	H	<i>Tho. Middleton</i>	Any thing for a quiet life.	C
	Appius & Virginia.	T	<i>John Wilson</i>	Andronicus.	T
	Anderomana.	T	<i>John Dancer</i>	Comenius.	P
	Andrea in Terece.	C	<i>S. Tuke</i>	Aminta.	C
	Adolphus in Terece.	C	<i>Jo. Warton</i>	Adventures of five hours.	C
	Abrahams Sacrifice.	I		Amazon Queen.	TC
	Albion.			Amorons Oronus.	C
				Amorous Widow & wanton Wife.	C

all to come / all to come **B**

<i>John Fletcher</i>	<b>B</b> eggars Bush.	C	<i>Sir W. D' Avenant</i>	Britannia Triumphant.	M
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Bonduca.	T	<i>John Ford</i>	Broken Heart.	T
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Bloody Brother.	T	<i>Tho. Nabs</i>	Bride.	C
<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Bartholmew Fair.	C	<i>T. D.</i>	Bloody Banquet.	T
<i>James Shirley</i>	Bird in a Cage.	C	<i>Sr. John Smokling</i>	Brenoralt.	T
<i>James Shirley</i>	Ball.	C	<i>John Day</i>	Battle of Alcazar.	T
<i>James Shirley</i>	Brothers.	C		Blind Beggar of Bednal Green.	C
<i>Tho. Heywood</i>	Brazen Age.	C	<i>Sir Rob. Howard</i>	Blind Lady.	C
<i>Tho. Middleton</i>	Blurt Mr. Constable.	C		Bastard.	T
<i>Phil. Massenger</i>	Bondman.	C		Bottom the Weaver.	I
<i>Phil. Massenger</i>	Bashful Lover.	C		Band, Ruff & cuff.	I
<i>George Chapman</i>	Blind Beggar of Alexandria.	C	<i>Shakespeare and Rowley</i>	Birth of Merlin.	TC
<i>Geo. Chapman</i>	Buffy D'Amboys.	T	<i>Dnr. of Newcastle</i>	Bridals.	C
<i>Geo. Chapman</i>	Buffy D'Amboys Revenge.	T	<i>Dnr. of Newcastle</i>	Blazing World.	C
<i>Geo. Chapman</i>	Byrons Conspiracy.	H	<i>Killigrew</i>	Bellamira her Dream.	
<i>Geo. Chapman</i>	Byrons Tragedy.	T	<i>Earl of Orrery</i>	Black Prince.	T

**C**

<i>Will. Shakespear</i>	<b>C</b> omedy of Errors.	C	<i>John Fletcher</i>	Customs of the Countrey.	C
<i>Will. Shakespear</i>	Coriolanus.	T	<i>John Fletcher</i>	Captain.	C
<i>Will. Shakespear</i>	Cymbeline.	T	<i>John Fletcher</i>	Coxcomb.	C
<i>Will. Shakespear</i>	Cromwells History.	H	<i>John Fletcher</i>	Chances.	
			<i>John Fletcher</i>	Cupids Revenge.	C

*Ben.*

<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Christmas his	M			Combat of Caps.	M
<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Masque.			<i>Sheppard</i>	Committee-man	C
<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Cloridia, rites to	M			curried.	
<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Cloris.		<i>Rob. Mead</i>		Combat of Love	C
<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Cynthia's Revels.	C			& Friendship.	
<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Catlines Conspira-	T			Cottly Whore.	C
<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	racy.		<i>Tho. Killigrew</i>		Claracilla.	TC
<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Cafe is alter'd.	C	<i>Tho. May</i>		Cleopatra.	T
<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Challenge at Tilt	M	<i>Sam. Daniel</i>		Cleopatra.	T
<i>James Shirley</i>	Changes, or Love	C	<i>Tho. Carew</i>		Cælum Britan-	M
<i>James Shirley</i>	in a Maze.				nicum.	
<i>James Shirley</i>	Chabot Admiral	T	<i>Jos. Rutter</i>		Cid 1st. part.	TC
<i>James Shirley</i>	of France.		<i>Jos. Rutter</i>		Cid 2d. part.	TC
<i>James Shirley</i>	Constant Maid.	C	<i>Duke of Newcastle</i>		Country Captain.	C
<i>James Shirley</i>	Coronation.	C	<i>Geo. Sands</i>		Christ's Passion.	T
<i>James Shirley</i>	Cardinal.	T	<i>John Swallow</i>		Cynthia's Re-	T
<i>James Shirley</i>	Court Secret.	C			venge.	
<i>James Shirley</i>	Contention of	M	<i>Tho. Preston</i>		Cambydes King	TC
<i>James Shirley</i>	Honor & riches.				of Persia.	
<i>James Shirley</i>	Cupid & Death.	M	<i>Tho. Kyd</i>		Cornelia.	T
<i>Tho. Heywood</i>	Challenge for	C			Cæsar's Revenge	T
	Beauty.				Cyrus King of	T
<i>Midleton &amp; Rowly</i>	Changling.	C			Persia.	
<i>Tho. Midleton</i>	Chaste Maid in	C	<i>Rob. Wilson</i>		Coblers Prophe-	C
	Cheapside.				sie.	
<i>Phil. Massenger</i>	City Madam.	C	<i>Nat. Woods</i>		Conflict of Con-	P
<i>Geo. Chapman</i>	Cæsar & Pompey	T			science.	
<i>Alex. Brome</i>	Cunning Lover.	C			Countess of Pem-	
<i>Rich. Brome</i>	Court Beggars.	C	<i>Rob. Fraunce</i>		brook's Ivy	P
<i>Rich. Brome</i>	City Wit.	C			Church.	
<i>Sir W.D' Avenant</i>	Cruel Brother.	T			Cromwel's Con-	TC
<i>Sir W.D' Avenant</i>	Cruelty of the	M			spiracy.	
	Spaniards in				Cruel Debtor.	
	Peru.				Commons Con-	C
<i>Lord Sterling</i>	Cræsus.	T			ditions.	
<i>Dr. Mayne</i>	City Match.	C	<i>Webster &amp; Rowly</i>		Cure for a Cuck-	C
<i>Tho. Goffe</i>	Couragious Turk.	T			old.	
<i>Ant. Brewer</i>	Countrey Girl.	C	<i>Abr. Cowley</i>		Cutter of Cole-	C
<i>Dawbournne</i>	Christian turn'd	T			man-street.	
	Turk.		<i>Rob. Davenport</i>		City Night-Cap.	TC
<i>Tho. Nabs</i>	Covent Garden.	C	<i>E. M.</i>		St. Cecily, or	
	Charles the 1st.	T			the converted	T
<i>Tho. Goffe</i>	Careless Shep-	TC			Twins.	
	herdels.		<i>Dut. of Newcastle</i>		Covent of Plea-	C
	Cupids Whirli-	C			sure.	
	gigg.		<i>Sir Rob. Howard</i>		Committee.	C
<i>John Kirke</i>	Champions of	H	<i>Tho. Porter</i>		Carnivall.	C
	Christendom.				Cheats.	C

John Fletcher	<b>D</b> ouble Marriage.	C	Geo. Peel	David & Bath- sabe.	TC
Ben. Johnson	Devil is an Ass.	C	Lewis Machin	Dumb Knight.	C
James Shirley	Dukes Mistrefs.	TC	John Taseham	Distracted States	T
James Shirley	Doubtful Heir.	TC	John Marston	Dutch Courtezan	C
Tho. Heywood	Dutchess of Suff.	H	Barnaby Barnes	Darius story.	I
Phil. Massenger	Duke of Millain.	T		Devils Charter.	T
Rich. Brome	Damoyselle.	C	Marloe & Naff	Doctor Dodipol.	C
Sir W. D'Avenant	Drakes History,	M		Dido Queen of	T
	1st. part.			Carthage.	
Lord Sterling	Darius.	I		Damon and Py- thias.	H
John Webster	Devils Law-case.	TC	Lod. Carlile	Deserving Fa- vourite.	TC
John Webster	Dutchess of Mal- fy.	T	Rob. Baron	Deorum Dona.	M
Chr. Marloe	Doctor Faustus.	TC		Dick Scornier.	
Tho. Ingeland	Disobedient Child.	I		Destruction of Jerusalem.	

John Fletcher	<b>E</b> lder Bro- ther.	C	Geo. Peele	Edward the 1st.	H <sup>2</sup>
Ben. Johnson	Every Man in his humour.	C	Chr. Marloe	Edward the 2d.	T
Ben. Johnson	Every man out of his humour.	C	Tho. Nals	Edward the 3d.	H
James Shirley	Example.		T. R.	Entertainment on the Prince's birth day.	I
Tho. Heywood	English Traveller	C		Extravagant Shepherd.	C
Tho. Heywood	Edward the 4th. 1st part.	C	John Lilly	Endimion.	+
Tho. Heywood	Edward the 4th. 2d. part.	C	C. W.	Electra of So- phocles.	CT
Tho. Heywood	Elizabeth's trou- bles, 1st. part.			Every Woman in her humour.	C
Tho. Heywood	Elizabeth's trou- bles, 2d. part.			Interlude of Youth.	I
Phil. Massenger	Emperour of the East.	C	Sir Will. Lower	Enchanted Lo- vers.	p
Chapman Johnson	Eastward hoe.	C		Enough's as good as a Feast.	
Richard Brome	English Moor, or the Mock-mar- riage.	C	Bernard	Eunuchus in Te- rence.	C
			Rich. Flecknoe	Erminia.	TC

Lord



<i>Lord Digby</i>	<i>Elvira.</i>	C	<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	<i>Entertainments</i>	E
<i>Tho. Thompson</i>	<i>English Princess.</i>	T		<i>of the King of</i>	
<i>John Dreyden</i>	<i>English Rogue.</i>	C		<i>England and</i>	
	<i>Evening Love,</i>	C		<i>King of Den-</i>	
	<i>or the Mock-</i>			<i>mark at Theo-</i>	
	<i>Astrologer.</i>			<i>balds.</i>	
<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	<i>Entertainments</i>	E	<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	<i>Entertainments</i>	E
	<i>at King James's</i>			<i>of King James</i>	
	<i>coronation.</i>			<i>&amp; Queen Ann,</i>	
<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	<i>Entertainments</i>	E		<i>at Theobalds.</i>	
	<i>of the Queen</i>				
	<i>&amp; Prince at</i>				
	<i>Althrope.</i>				

F

<i>John Fletcher</i>	<b>F</b> <i>Alse one.</i>	T		<i>Faithful - Shep-</i>	P
<i>John Fletcher</i>	<i>Four Playes in</i>	C		<i>herd.</i>	
	<i>One.</i>			<i>Fatal Union.</i>	T
<i>John Fletcher</i>	<i>Faithful Shepher-</i>	P	<i>Tho. Jordain</i>	<i>Flowers.</i>	M
	<i>defs.</i>		<i>Lod. Carlile</i>	<i>Fancies Festivals.</i>	M
<i>John Fletcher.</i>	<i>Fair Maid of the</i>	C		<i>Fool would be a</i>	TC
	<i>Inne.</i>			<i>Favourite, or</i>	
<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	<i>Fortunate Isles.</i>	M		<i>the discreet</i>	
<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	<i>Fox.</i>	C	<i>Geo. Gerbier</i>	<i>Lover.</i>	
<i>Tho. Heywood</i>	<i>Fair Maid of the</i>	C	<i>D'ouilly</i>	<i>Falfe Favourite.</i>	TC
	<i>West, 1st. part.</i>		<i>Will. Hemings</i>	<i>disgrac'd.</i>	
<i>Tho. Heywood</i>	<i>Fair Maid of the</i>	C	<i>Tho. Norton</i>	<i>Fatal contract.</i>	T
	<i>West, 2d. part.</i>		<i>Tho. Decker</i>	<i>Ferex and Porex.</i>	T
<i>Tho. Heywood</i>	<i>Fortune by Land</i>	C		<i>Fortunatus.</i>	C
	<i>and Sea.</i>		<i>Gibb. Swinhoe</i>	<i>Free-will.</i>	T
<i>Tho. Heywood</i>	<i>Four London</i>	H	<i>Rich. Fanshawe</i>	<i>Fair Irene.</i>	T
	<i>Prentices.</i>			<i>Faithfull Shep-</i>	P
<i>Tho. Heywood</i>	<i>Fair Maid of the</i>	C		<i>herd.</i>	
	<i>Exchange.</i>			<i>Fair Maid of Bri-</i>	
<i>Middleton &amp; Rowly</i>	<i>Fair Quarrel.</i>	TC		<i>tol.</i>	
<i>Tho. Middleton</i>	<i>Family of Love.</i>	C		<i>Fidele and Fortu-</i>	
<i>Phil. Massenger</i>	<i>Fatal Dowry.</i>	T		<i>natus.</i>	
<i>John Ford</i>	<i>Fancies.</i>	C	<i>John Heywood</i>	<i>Fulgius &amp; Lucret</i>	I
<i>Shak. Marmion</i>	<i>Fine companion.</i>	C	<i>John Rhodes</i>	<i>Flora's Fagaries.</i>	C
	<i>Fleire.</i>	C		<i>Feigned Astrolo-</i>	C
<i>Will. Shrode</i>	<i>Floating Island.</i>	C		<i>ger.</i>	
<i>Robert Green</i>	<i>Frier Bacon.</i>	C	<i>Astrea Bica</i>	<i>Forced Marriage.</i>	IC
	<i>Fair Em.</i>	C		<i>or the jealous</i>	
<i>John Marston</i>	<i>Fawne.</i>	C		<i>Bridegroom.</i>	

will.

<i>Will. Shakespear</i>	<b>G</b> entleman of Verona.	C		<i>Ghost.</i>	C
<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Golden Age re- stored.	M		<i>Gentle craft.</i>	C
<i>James Shirley</i>	Gamester.	C	<i>Abr. Cowley</i>	<i>Gyles Goose cap.</i>	C
<i>James Shirley</i>	Gentleman of Venice.	TC	<i>Sir John Suckling</i>	<i>Guardian.</i>	C
<i>James Shirley</i>	Grateful Servant.	C	<i>John Lilly</i>	<i>Goblins.</i>	C
<i>Tho. Heywood</i>	Golden Age.	H	<i>Mr. S. Mr. of Art</i>	<i>Gallathea.</i>	C
<i>Tho. Middleton</i>	Game at Chess.	C		<i>Gammer Gurtons</i>	C
<i>Phil. Massenger</i>	Great Duke of Florence.	C	<i>Geo. Gascoign</i>	<i>Needle.</i>	
<i>Phil. Massenger</i>	Guardian.	C	<i>Rob. Baron</i>	<i>Glaſs of Govern- ment.</i>	TC
<i>George Chapman</i>	Gentleman Usher	C	<i>B. J.</i>	<i>Gripus &amp; Hegio.</i>	P
<i>John Cooke.</i>	Green's tu quo- que.	C	<i>J. T.</i>	<i>Guife</i>	T
				<i>Guy of War- wick.</i>	T
				<i>Grim the Collier of Croyden.</i>	C

## H

<i>Will. Shakespear</i>	<b>H</b> enry the 4th 1st. part.	H	<i>Geo. Chapman</i>	<i>Humorous dayes mirth.</i>	C
<i>Will. Shakespear</i>	Henry the 4th. 2d. part.	H	<i>Tho. Decker</i>	<i>Honest Whore,</i>	C
<i>Will. Shakespear</i>	Henry the 5th.	H	<i>Tho. Decker</i>	<i>Honest Whore,</i>	C
<i>Will. Shakespear</i>	Henry the 6th. 1st. part.	H		<i>2d. part.</i>	
<i>VVill. Shakespear</i>	Henry the 6th. 2d. part.	H	<i>Henry Glaphorn</i>	<i>Hollander.</i>	C
<i>VVill. Shakespear</i>	Henry the 6th. 3d. part.	H	<i>Shak. Marston</i>	<i>Hollands Lea- guer.</i>	C
<i>VVill. Shakespear</i>	Henry the 8th.	H	<i>Tho. Nabs.</i>	<i>Hannibal &amp; Sci- pio.</i>	T
<i>VVill. Shakespear</i>	Hamlet.	T		<i>Hieronimo 2 part</i>	T
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Honest mans for- tune.	C		<i>Hoffman.</i>	T
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Humorous Lieu- tenant.	C	<i>Markham and Sampson</i>	<i>Hatriomastix.</i>	C
<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Honour of Wales	M		<i>Herod and Anti- pater.</i>	T
<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Hymenz.	M		<i>How to chooſe a good wife from a bad.</i>	TC
<i>James Shirley</i>	Hide Park.	C	<i>Sir VV. Lower</i>	<i>Horatius.</i>	T
<i>James Shirley</i>	Humorous Cour- tier.	C	<i>Tho. Randall</i>	<i>Hey for honesty, down with kna- very.</i>	C
<i>James Shirley</i>	Honoriam and Ma- mon.		<i>Tho. May</i>	<i>Heire.</i>	TC

<i>Jasper Heywood</i>	Hercules turicens.	T		Hieronimo. 1st.	T
<i>John Studley</i>	Hyppolitus.	T		part.	
<i>John Studley</i>	Hercules Oetus.	T	<i>Rob. Taylor</i>	Hog hath lost his	C
<i>Edm. Prestwich</i>	Hyppolitus.	T		Pearl.	
	Hectors, or false	C	<i>Sam. Daniel</i>	Hymens Tri-	P
	challenge.			umph,	
	Henry the 5th.	H	<i>Beaunard</i>	teauton. in Ter.	C
	with the Bat-		<i>J. D.</i>	Hels higher court	I
	tel of Agen-			of Justice.	
	Court.		<i>R. Head</i>	Hic & Ubique.	C
<i>S. S.</i>	Honest Lawyer.	C	<i>Earl of Orrery</i>	Henry the 5th.	H
<i>John Day</i>	Humour out of	C	<i>Sir Rob. Stapleton</i>	Hero & Leander.	T
	breath.		<i>Edm. Carlile</i>	Heraclius Empe-	T
<i>W. S.</i>	Hector of Ger-	H		rour of the East.	I
	many.		<i>Mr. Rat. Phillips</i>	Horace.	T

I

<i>V. Will. Shakespear</i>	John King of	H	<i>Rob. Davenport</i>	John & Matilda.	T
	England.		<i>Fra. Goldsmith</i>	Joseph.	T
<i>Will. Shakespear</i>	Julius Cæsar.	T		Jacob and Esau.	C
<i>V. Will. Shakespear</i>	John K. of Eng-	H	<i>Tho. Decker</i>	If this be'nt a	C
	land, 1st. part.			good Play, the	
<i>V. Will. Shakespear</i>	John K. of Eng-	H		Devil's in't.	
	land, 2d. part.			Jack Straw's life	H
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Island Princess.	C		and death.	
<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Irish Masque.	M		James the 4th.	H
<i>James Shirley</i>	Imposture.	TC		Josephs afflictions	
<i>Tho. Heywood</i>	Iron Age, First	H		Jack Jugler.	
	part.			Impatient pover-	
<i>Tho. Heywood</i>	Iron Age, Second	H		ty.	
	part.		<i>V. Will. Hemings</i>	John Evangelist.	
<i>Tho. Middleton</i>	Inner Temple	M	<i>R. C.</i>	Jews Tragedy.	T
	Masque.			Ignoramus.	C
<i>Rich. Brome</i>	Jovial crew.	C		Jovial crew, or	
<i>Sir W. D' Avenant</i>	Just Italian.	TC		the Devil turn'd	I
<i>Lord Sterling</i>	Julius Cæsar.	T		Ranter.	
<i>Cosmo Mannuch</i>	Just General.	T	<i>John Dreyden</i>	Indian Emperor.	T
<i>Chr. Marlowe</i>	Jew of Malta.	TC	<i>Sir Rob. Howard</i>	Indian Queen.	T
<i>Tho. Randal</i>	Jealous Lovers.	C		Imperiale, in Fo-	T
<i>Sr. Ralph Freeman</i>	Imperiale.	T		lio.	
<i>John Marston</i>	Insatiate Coun-	T			
	rels.				
	Jack Drums En-	C			
	tertainment.				
<i>John Day</i>	Life of Guls.	C			
<i>Geo. Gascoign</i>	Jocasta.	T			

## K

<i>John Fletcher</i>	<b>K</b> ing and no King.	C	King and Queens entertainment at Richmond.	M
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Knight of the burning pestle.	C	Knight of the Golden Shield.	H
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Knight of Malta.	C	Knack to know an honest man.	C
<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Kings Entertainment at Welbeck.	M	Knack to know a Knave.	C
<i>J. D.</i>	Knave in grain.	C	Knavery in all trades.	C

## L

<i>VVill. Shakespear</i>	<b>L</b> ocrine. Eldest Son of K. Brutus.	T	<i>Sir W. D' Avenant</i>	Love & Honour.	C
<i>VVill. Shakespear</i>	Loves labour lost.	C	<i>Peaps</i>	Lost Lady.	TC
<i>VVill. Shakespear</i>	Leir and his three Daughters.	T	<i>Cosmo Manuch</i>	Love in it's Exaltie.	P
<i>VVill. Shakespear</i>	London Prodigal.	C	<i>John Ford</i>	Loyal Lovers.	TC
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Little French Lawyer.	C	<i>John Ford</i>	Lovers Melancholy.	T
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Loyal Subject.	C	<i>John Ford</i>	Ladies Tryal.	C
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Lawes of Candy.	C	<i>Hen. Glaphorn</i>	Loves Sacrifice.	T
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Lovers Progress.	C	<i>Ant. Brewer</i>	Ladies Priviledge.	C
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Loves cure, or the martial Maid.	C		Love-sick King.	TC
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Loves Pilgrimage.	C		Landagartha.	TC
<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Loves Triumph.	M		Loves Loadstone.	C
<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Loves Welcome.	M		Lingua.	C
<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Love freed from Ignorance.	M	<i>Abra. Cowley</i>	Loves Dominion.	P
<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Love restored.	M	<i>Rob. Gomersal</i>	Loves Riddle.	P
<i>James Shirley</i>	Loves Cruelty.	T	<i>VV. Cartwright</i>	Lod. Sforza.	T
<i>James Shirley</i>	Lady of Pleasure.	C	<i>VV. R.</i>	Lady Errant.	TC
<i>John Heywood</i>	Loves Mistress.	M		Three Lords and Ladies of London.	C
<i>Heywood &amp; Brome</i>	Langaster Witch-es.	C	<i>Chn. Marloe</i>	Lusts Dominion, or the Lascivious Queen.	T
<i>Rich. Brome</i>	Love-sick Court, or the ambitious Politick.	C	<i>Ulpian Fulwel</i>	Like will to like, quoth the Devil.	I
			<i>R. VVever</i>	Lusty Juventus.	I



R. VV.	Three Ladies of London.	C	I. Smith	Leir and his three Daughters.	H
John Tatham	Love crowns the end.	TC	The. Lodge and Robert Green	Looking-glass for London.	H
John Day	Law tricks, or who would have thought it.	C		Liberality & Prodigality.	G
VV. Chamberlain	Loves Victory.	C		Lady Almony.	C
The. Meriton	Love and War.	T		Luminalia.	M
John Lilly	Loves Metamorphosis.	C	T. B.	Laws of Nature.	C
	London Chanticles.	C		Love will find out the way.	C
	Look about you, or, run Red Caps.	C	T. Ford.	Love Alamode.	C
			Geo. Etherege	Loves Labyrinth.	TC
			Rich. Flecknoe	Levellers Levell'd Love in a Tub.	C
				Loves Kingdom.	TC

## M

Will. Shakespear	<b>M</b> erry wives of Windsor.	C	Ben. Johnson	Masque of Owls.	M
Will. Shakespear	Measure for measure.	C	Ben. Johnson	Mortimer's fall.	T
Will. Shakespear	Much adoe about Nothing.	G	Ben. Johnson	Masque of Queens.	M
Will. Shakespear	Midsummer nights Dream.	C	Ben. Johnson	Mercury Vindicated.	M
VVill. Shakespear	Merchant of Venice.	C	James Shirley	Maids Revenge.	T
VVill. Shakespear	Mackbeth.	T	Hen. Shirley	Martyr'd Souldier	T
VVill. Shakespear	Merry Devil of Edmonton.	C	Tho. Heywood	Maiden head well lost.	C
VVill. Shakespear	Mucedorus.	C	Tho. Middleton	Mad World my Masters.	C
John Fletcher	Mad Lover.	C	Tho. Middleton	Mayor of Quinborough.	C
John Fletcher	Maid in the Mill.	C	Tho. Middleton	Michaelmas term	C
John Fletcher	Masque of Grays Inne Gent.	M	Tho. Middleton	More dissemblers than Women.	C
John Fletcher	Monsieur Thomas	C	VVill. Rowley	Match at Midnight.	T
John Fletcher	Maids Tragedy.	T	Phil. Massinger	Maid of Honour.	C
Ben. Johnson	Magnetick Lady.	C	Geo. Chapman	May Day.	C
Ben. Johnson	Masque at my Lord Hayes House.	M	George Chapman	Monsieur D'Olive	C
Ben. Johnson	Meramorphosed Gypties.	M	George Chapman	Masque of the middle Temple, & Lincolns Inn	M
Ben. Johnson	Masque of Augurs	M	Rich. Brome	Mad Couple well matcht.	C
			Lord Brooks	Multapha.	T



	Marcus Tullius	T	<i>W. W.</i>	Menechmus.	C
	Cicero.		<i>Lad. Eliz. Carew</i>	Marian.	T
<i>Barten Holliday</i>	Marriage of the	C	<i>Tho. Lodge</i>	Marius & Scylla.	C
	Arts.		<i>John Lilly</i>	Maids Metamor-	
<i>Tho. Decker</i>	Match me in Lon-	C		phosis.	
	don.		<i>J. C.</i>	Merry Milkmaids	C
<i>Tho. Nabs</i>	Microcosmus.	M	<i>Rob. Armin</i>	Maids of Moor-	H
<i>Tho. Randal</i>	Muses Looking-	C		clack.	
	glass.		<i>J. S.</i>	Masquarde du	M
<i>John Mason</i>	Muleasses the	T		Ciel.	
	Turk.		<i>Rich. Flecknoe</i>	Marriage of Oce-	M
	Mercurius Bri-	C		anus & Britannia	
	tannicus.			Manhood & Wil-	
<i>Geo. Wilkins</i>	Miseries of enfor-	TC		dome.	
	ced Marriage.			Mary Magdalen's	
<i>John Stedley</i>	Medea.	T		Repentance.	
<i>Nat. Richards</i>	Messalina.	T		Milton's Masque.	M
<i>John Lilly</i>	Mydas.	C	<i>M. W.</i>	Marriage Broker.	C
<i>John Lilly</i>	Mother Boniby.	C	<i>Earl of Orrery</i>	Mustapha.	T
<i>Sir W. Lower</i>	Martyr.	T	<i>Tho. Jordon</i>	Money is an Ass.	C
	Maflanello.	T	<i>Sir W. D' Avenant</i>	Man is the Master	C
<i>John Marston</i>	Male-content.	TC	<i>Tho. Thompson</i>	Mother Shipton's	C
<i>Rob. Baron</i>	Mirza.	T		Life & Death.	
	Marriage of Wit	I	<i>L. Vis. Faulkland</i>	Marriage night.	T
	& Science.		<i>John Dreyden</i>	Maiden Queen.	C
<i>Chr. Marloe</i>	Massacre at Paris.	T	<i>Mrs. Boothby</i>	Marcelia.	
<i>Edw. Sherburne</i>	Medea.	T	<i>Sr. Ch. Sidley</i>	Malberry garden.	C

## N

<i>John Fletcher</i>	<b>N</b> oble Gen-	C	<i>Rich. Brome</i>	Novella.	C
	tleman.			New Academy, or	
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Nice Valor, or	C	<i>Rich. Brome</i>	the New Ex-	C
	the Passionate			change.	
<i>John Fletcher</i>	mad-man.	C		Nero newly writ-	T
	Night Walker, or		<i>Decker &amp; Webster</i>	ten.	
	the little Thief.	C		Northward hoe.	C
	News from the			Noble Stranger.	C
<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	New World in	M		New trick to	C
	the moon.			cheat the Devil.	
<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Neptune's Tri-	M		Nero's Life and	T
	umph.			Death.	
<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	New Inne.	C		New Custom.	I
<i>Sam. Rowley</i>	Noble Spanish	T		No body & some	H
	Souldier.			body.	
<i>Phil. Massenger</i>	New way to pay	C	<i>Sr. W. Lower</i>	Nice wanton.	
	Old Debts.		<i>John Dancer</i>	Noble ingratitude	TC
<i>Rich. Brome</i>	Northern Lass.	C		Nichomede.	TC

Will.

## O

<i>Will. Shakespear</i>	<b>O</b> Thello, the moor of Venice.	T	<i>W. Cartwright</i>	Ordinary.	C
<i>Will. Shakespear</i>	Old-Castle's Life and Death.	H	<i>Sr. Aspen Cockain</i>	Obstinate Lady.	C
<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Oberon the Fairy Prince.	M	<i>Lod. Carlisle</i>	Osmond the great Turk, or the Noble Servant	T
<i>James Shirley</i>	Opportunity.	C	<i>L. VV.</i>	Orgula, or the fatal Errour.	T
<i>Middleton &amp; Rowly</i>	Old Law.	C	<i>Tho. May</i>	Old Couple.	C
<i>Tho. Goffe</i>	Orestes.	T		Orlando Furioso.	H
<i>Alex. Nevile</i>	Oedipus.	T	<i>Sr. Aspen Cockain</i>	Old Wives Tale.	T
<i>T. Nuce</i>	Ostavia.	T	<i>Sr. W. Killigrew</i>	Ovid.	T
				Ormazdes.	TC

## P

<i>VVill. Shakespear</i>	<b>P</b> Ericles Prince of Tyre.	H	<i>VV. Lower</i>	Phenix in her Flames.	T
<i>VVill. Shakespear</i>	Puritan Widow.	C	<i>Geo. Gascoign</i>	Pleasure at Ken- elworth Castle.	M
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Prophets.	C	<i>Tho. Killigrew</i>	Prisoners.	TC
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Pilgrim.	C	<i>Sam. Daniel</i>	Philotas.	T
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Philaster.	C	<i>James Howell</i>	Peleus & Thetis.	M
<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Pleasure recon- cil'd to Virtue.	M	<i>J. S.</i>	Phillis of Scyros.	P
<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Pans Anniversary	M	<i>Jo. Day</i>	Parliament of Bees.	M
<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Poetaster.	C		Pedlars Prophe- sie.	C
<i>James Shirley</i>	Polititian.	C	<i>John Heywood</i>	Play of Love.	I
<i>James Shirley</i>	Patrick for Ire- land.	H	<i>John Heywood</i>	Play of the wea- ther.	I
<i>Tho. Middleton</i>	Phenix.	C		Play between Jo- han Johan the husband; Tib his Wife &c.	I
<i>Phil. Massenger</i>	Picure.	C	<i>John Heywood</i>	Play between the Pardoner & the Frier, the Cu- rate & Neigh- bour Prac.	I
<i>Sr. W. D' Avenant</i>	Platonick Lovers.	C		Play of Gentle- ness & Nobility	T
<i>Hen. Killigrew</i>	Pallantus & Eudo- ra.	T		1st. part.	I
<i>John Ford</i>	Perkin Warbeck.	H			
<i>John Ford</i>	Pity she's a whore	T			
<i>Rob. Dainborne</i>	Poor man's Com- fort.	C	<i>John Heywood</i>		
<i>Lod. Carlisle</i>	Passionate Lovers,	TC			
	1st. part.		<i>John Heywood</i>		
<i>Lod. Carlisle</i>	Passionate Lovers,	TC			
	2d. part.				



Robin Hoods Pa-  
floral May-  
games.  
Robin Conscience.  
Robin Hood and  
his crew of  
Souldiers.

C

John Dover  
VWill. Joyner  
Tho. Shadwell  
John Dreyden

Roman Generals.  
Rivals.  
Roman Empress.  
Royal Shepher-  
dess.  
Rival Ladies.

C  
T  
TC  
TC

S

John Fletcher

Spanish Curate

C

John Fletcher

Sea Voyage.

C

John Fletcher

Scornful Lady.

C

Ben. Johnson

Staple of News.

C

Ben. Johnson

Sad Shepherd.

C

Ben. Johnson

Sejanus.

T

Ben. Johnson

Silent Woman.

C

James Shirley

School of Com-  
plements.

G

James Shirley

Sitters.

C

Tho. Heywood

Silver Age.

H

VWill. Rowley

Shoomaker a  
Gentleman.

C

Midleton & Rowley

Spanish Gypsies.

C

Rich. Brome

Spargus Garden.

G

Sr. W. D'Avenant

Siege of Rhodes,  
1st. part.

M

Sr. W. D'Avenant

Siege of Rhodes,  
2d. part.

M

Tho. Durburn

Sophy.

T

Tho. Goffe

Selimus.

T

Tho. Nabel

Springs glory.

M

T

Sweetman the wo-  
man-hater Ar-  
raigned.

C

T

Sophister.

C

Robt. Chibb

Swaggering  
Damsel.

C

O

Sicelides.

P

I. G.

Strange Disco-  
very.

TC

John Turchin

Suns Darling.

P

Geo. Gascoigne

Scots Fignies.

O

John Turchin

Supposes.

O

John Turchin

Shepherds holy-  
day.

P

John Marston

Sophonisba.

T

John Lilly

Sapho & Phao.

C

VV. Gurnwright

Siege, or Loves  
Convert.

TC

Solimon & Per-  
seda.

C

Stukeley's Life &  
Death.

H

Tho. Nash

Summer's last will  
& Testament.

C

See me and see  
me not.

C

VVal. Mountagne

Shepherds Para-  
dise.

G

Sr. John Suckling

Sad one.

T

Spanish Bawd.

TC

Susanna's Tears.

T

Salmacida Spoken.

C

Sr. Rob. Suckling

Slighted Maid.

TC

Step-mother.

TC

Sr. VV. Killigrew

Selindra.

TC

Sr. VV. Killigrew

Siege of Usbin.

TC

Abr. Bayly

Splightful Sitter.

TC

Dutchess of New  
castle.

Sociable Compa-  
nions, or the  
Female wits.

C

Sr. Rob. Howard

Surprisa.

C

Sr. Rob. Howard

Sr. Martin mar-  
all.

C

Geo. Etheridge

She wou'd if she  
cou'd.

C

Tho. Shadwell

Sullen Lovers, or  
the Imperti-  
ments.

C



## T

<i>Will. Shakespear</i>	<b>T</b> Empest.	C	<i>Chr. Marloe</i>	Tamberlain, 2d.	T
<i>Will. Shakespear</i>	Twelf night, or what you will.	C	<i>Geo. VVapul</i>	Tyde tarrieth for no man.	C
<i>Will. Shakespear</i>	Taming of the Shrew.	C	<i>VV. VVager</i>	The longer thou livest the more fool thou art.	C
<i>Will. Shakespear</i>	Troilus and Cre- sida.	T		Tom Tyler, and his Wife.	I
<i>Will. Shakespear</i>	Titus Andronicus.	T		Tryal of Chival- ry.	C
<i>Will. Shakespear</i>	Tymon of Athens.	T		Travaills of the three English Brothers.	H
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Thierry and The- odore.	T	<i>Don VV. Rowley &amp; VVilkins.</i>	Tancred & Gif- mond.	T
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Two Noble Kinf- men.	TC	<i>Rob. VVilmos.</i>	Two Tragedies in one.	T
<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Tale of a Tub.	C	<i>Rob. Tarrington</i>	Tr polin suppos'd a Prince.	TC
<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Time Vindicated to himself & to his Honours.	M	<i>Sr. Aften Carkain</i>	Tyrannical Go- vernment.	I
<i>James Shirley</i>	Traytor.	T		Theristes.	T
<i>James Shirley</i>	Triumph of Peace.	M	<i>S. Pardidge</i>	Troades.	H
<i>James Shirley</i>	Triumph of beau- ty.	M	<i>VVobster &amp; Rowly</i>	Trial of treasure	T
<i>Tho. Middleton</i>	Trick to catch the old one.	C	<i>T. VV.</i>	Thracian wonder.	T
<i>Geo. Chapman</i>	Temple.	M	<i>Tho. St. Seife</i>	Thornby Abbey.	C
<i>Geo. Chapman</i>	Two wise men, & all the rest fools.	C		House.	T
<i>Sir W. D. Avenant</i>	Temple of Love.	M		Taragoes Wiles, or the Coffe- House.	T
<i>Tho. Nashe</i>	Tottenham Court.	C	<i>John Dryden</i>	Tyrannick Love, or the Royal Martyr.	T
<i>W. Rider</i>	Twins.	TC	<i>Earl of Orrery</i>	Tryphon.	C
<i>Jasper Heywood</i>	True Trojans.	H	<i>M. Mphorn</i>	Tartuff, or the French Punitor.	C
<i>Jasper Heywood</i>	Thyestes.	T	<i>Tho. Killigrew</i>	Thomazo, or the Wanderer.	C
<i>Jasper Heywood</i>	Troas.	T			
<i>Tho. Newton</i>	Thucias.	T			
<i>Chr. Marloe</i>	Tamberlain, 1st. part.	T			

## V

<i>John Fletcher</i>	<b>V</b> Alentinian.	T	<i>Phil. Massenger</i>	VVay VVoman.	C
<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Vision of delight.	M	<i>Phil. Massenger</i>	Virgin Martyr.	T
<i>Phil. Massenger</i>	Unnatural combat	T	<i>Sir W. D. Avenant</i>	Unfortunate. Lo- vers.	T

Tho.



<i>Tho. Nabs</i>	Unfortunate Mother.	T	<i>Sam. Brandon</i>	Virtuous Octavia.	TC
<i>R. A.</i>	Valiant Welchman.	T	<i>Sam. Daniel</i>	Vision of the 12. goddesses.	M
<i>Fra. Quarles</i>	Virgin Widdow.	C		Unfortunate U-	T
<i>Will. Sampson</i>	Vow-breaker.	T	<i>Edw. Howard</i>	surper.	T
	Valiant Scot.	T		Usurper.	T
<i>W. Duk. of Newca.</i>	Varieties.	C		Ungrateful Fa-	T
	Untrusting the	C	<i>T. Porter</i>	vourite.	T
	humourous Poet	C	<i>Sir. Rob. Howard</i>	Villain.	T
				Vestal Virgin.	T

W.

<i>VVill. Shakespear</i>	<b>W</b> Inters tale	C	<i>Sr. W. D' Avenant</i>	Wits.	C
<i>John Fletcher.</i>	Womans Prize, or the tamer tam'd	C	<i>John Webster</i>	VVWhite Devil.	T
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Women pleased.	C	<i>Tho. Decker</i>	Whore of Baby-	C
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Wife for a month	C		lon.	
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Wit at several Weapons.	C	<i>Tho. Decker</i>	VVonder of a	C
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Wild-goose chase	C	<i>Hen. Glapthorne</i>	Kingdom.	
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Woman-hater.	C		VVit in a Consta-	C
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Wit without money.	C	<i>Decker &amp; Webster</i>	ble.	
<i>James Shirley</i>	Witty fair one.	C		Westward ho.	C
<i>James Shirley</i>	Wedding.	C		VVeakest goes to	C
<i>Tho. Heywood</i>	Woman kill'd with kindness.	C		the wall.	
<i>Tho. Heywood</i>	Wife woman of Hogsdon.	C	<i>John Marston</i>	Woman will have	C
<i>Sam. Rowley</i>	When you see me you know me.	H	<i>Tho. Jordan</i>	her will.	
<i>Will. Rowley</i>	Wonder a woman never vex.	C	<i>Nat. Field</i>	Wily beguiled.	C
<i>Midleton &amp; Rowly</i>	Widdow.	C		Wine, Beer, Ale,	
<i>Tho. Midleton</i>	World  tost at Tennis.	M	<i>Tho. Meriton</i>	and tobacco.	
<i>Tho. Midleton</i>	Women beware Women.	T	<i>Decker &amp; Webster</i>	VVhat you will.	C
	Wit } like a	C	<i>Rowley, Decker, &amp; Ford.</i>	VValks of Istitg-	C
<i>Tho. Midleton</i>	Help } womans	C	<i>John Lilly</i>	ton & Hogsdon	
<i>Geo. Chapman</i>	Widdow's tears.	C		Woman's a wea-	C
	Wedding of Co-	C		ther-cock.	
<i>Rich. Brome</i>	vent-Garden, or the Middlesex Justice of Peace	C	<i>T. P.</i>	VVit of a woman	C
			<i>John Dryden</i>	VVandering lover	C
			<i>Edw. Howard</i>	VViat's History.	H
				VVitch of Ec-	C
				mouton.	
				VVoman in the Moon.	C
				W. ning for fair	T
				V men.	
				Wealth & health.	
				VVitty Combat.	TC
				VVild Gallant.	
				VVoman's Cor-	C
				quest.	

VVill. Shakespear

Y<sup>orkshire</sup>  
Tragedy.T<sup>h</sup>o. MiddletonYour five Gal-  
lants.

James Shirley

Young Admi-  
ral.

C

## An Advertisement to the Reader.

IT is now just ten years since I Collected, Printed, and Published, a Catalogue of all the *English Stage-Plays* that were ever till then Printed; I then took so great care about it, that now, after a ten years diligent search and enquiry I find no great mistake; I only omitted the *Masques and Entertainments in Ben. Johnsons first Volume*. There was then in all, 690. several Plays; and there hath been, since that time, just an hundred more Printed; so, in all, the Catalogue now amounts to (those formerly omitted now added) 806. I really believe there are no more, for I have been these twenty years a Collector of them, and have conversed with, and enquired of those that have been Collecting these fifty years. These, I can assure you, are all in Print, for I have seen them all within ten, and now have them all by me within thirty. Although I took care and pains in my last Catalogue to place the Names in some methodical manner, yet I have now proceeded further in a better method, having thus placed them. First, I begin with *Shakespear*, who hath in all written forty eight. Then *Beaumont and Fletcher* fifty two, *Johnson* fifty, *Shirley* thirty eight, *Heywood* twenty five, *Middleton* and *Rowley* twenty seven, *Maffenger* sixteen, *Chapman* seventeen, *Brome* seventeen, and *D'Avenant* fourteen; so that these ten have written in all, 304. The rest have every one written under ten in number, and therefore I pass them as they were in the old Catalogue, and I place all the new ones last. I have not only seen, but also read all these Plays, and can give some account of every one; but I shall not be so presumptuous, as to give my Opinion, much less, to determine or judge of every, or any mans Writing, and who writ best; but I will acquaint you with some of my Observations, and so conclude. He that was the first Play-writer, I find to be one *Heywood*, not *Thomas*, but *John Heywood*, who writ seven several Plays, which he calls Interludes; and they are very old, being Printed with the first of our *English Printing*; and he makes notable work with the then Clergy. And indeed, by only reading of Plays, I find that you may be acquainted with the humours of that present Age wherein they were written. Also by Plays alone you may very well know the Chronicle History of *England*, and many other Histories. I could enlarge much on this account, having for my own fancy written down all the Historical Plays in a succinct orderly method, as you may do the like. I observe that Plays were not only written by professed Poets, but also by the best Scholars, and Persons of Honour and Eminency; especially, in these last hundred Plays, and not only Male, but Female Writers; there being seven of them in all, four whereof in these last hundred. Although there are but 806. Plays in all Printed, yet I know that many more have been written and Acted, I my self have some quantity in Manuscript; and although I can find but twenty five of *Tho. Heywoods* in all Printed, yet (as you may read in an Epistle to a Play of his, called *The English Traveller*) he hath had an entire hand, or, at least, a main finger in the writing of 220. and, as I have been informed, he was very laborious; for he not only Acted almost every day, but also obliged himself to write a sheet every day, for several years together; but many of his Plays being composed and written loosely in Taverns, occasions them to be so mean; that except his *Loves Mistresse*, and, next to that, his *Agas*, I have but small esteem for any others. I could say somewhat more of him, and of all the old Poets, having taken pleasure to converse with those that were acquainted with them, but will conclude thus; that as *John Heywood* was the first *English Play-writer*, so in my Opinion, one *Thomas Mowbray*, who writ two Pamphlets, which he calls Plays, viz. *Love and War*, and the *Wandering Lover*, was the worst. And although I dare not be absolute in my Opinion, who is the best of this Age, yet I should be very disingenuous, if I should not conclude, that the *English Stage* is much improved and adorned with the several Writings of several persons of Honour; but in my Opinion chiefly with those of the most accomplished Mr. *John Dryden*.

Yours, *Fre. Kirkman.*

Be pleased to excuse the misplacing of 4. of *Ben. Johnsons Entertainments* in F. & the omission of this one Play.  
*Sr. Rob. Howard* — The Great Favourite, or, the Duke of Lerma. — T

E. I. N. I. S.

